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JOURNAL OF A VISIT

TO

EGYPT, CONSTANTINOPLE,

THE CRIMEA, GREECE, &c.

IN THE

SUITE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

56999

BY THE

HON. MRS. WILLIAM GREY.

LONDON:

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1869.

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM,

I know not how sufficiently to thank your Royal Highness for allowing me to dedicate my little book to you. It is another, added to the many kindnesses I have already received from you, and I am grateful from the bottom of my heart.

Your Royal Highness cannot be more surprised than I am myself at seeing my Journal in print!

You know how, and when it was written,—that it was written from day to day, often under difficulties, as a record to myself of a very happy time, and which members of my family might perhaps like to see; but, most assuredly, with no view to publication. In fact, till last Saturday, when I returned home from Sweden, I had not the slightest idea of its being printed. I had left it with my brother-in-law, General Grey, when I went abroad last July, asking him

merely to correct some of my Swedish mistakes of grammar, in case I should wish to copy it out more fairly for my family, but it never entered my head that he would do more than this. Your Royal Highness will not therefore wonder at my being surprised, when the first thing given to me, on my arrival at St. James's Palace, was a parcel carefully sealed up, with a letter, of which I copy an extract, as the best explanation of the way in which my Journal has come to be printed.

"You will be surprised," the General writes, "on your return home to see the shape your journal has taken—that it is actually in print! Yes, without consulting a living soul, or even waiting for your own consent, I have taken it upon myself to have it printed.

* * * * *

"I hope you won't be vexed. You will see, in the Title Page that it is only 'Privately Printed'—not even for what is called 'Private Circulation'—in fact, there are as yet only three copies: one for yourself, one which I thought you might like to give the Princess, and a third which I hope you will allow me to keep. No one has the least suspicion of what

I have done; nor have I myself seen the little volume since it was put together. It rests, therefore, entirely with you to decide whether it shall go further. I cannot myself see why you should not publish it almost just as it is. I was myself extremely interested by your accounts of all you saw and did in the East, particularly by the description of your visits to the harems of the Sultan and Viceroy, and others, and of your memorable dinner with 'La Grande Princesse' at Cairo, and I cannot doubt that others would be equally so. On this, however, you may like to have a less partial opinion than mine.

"As to the Journal itself, you will see how scrupulously I have adhered to your own expressions. I have sometimes had to alter the arrangement of a sentence, and to correct little mistakes in small words; but further than this, I have made no change whatever—neither adding to nor altering, in any way, what you had yourself written.

"Forgive me, then, if I have done what you would not have consented to had you been asked beforehand.

"I thought this probable, and so did *not* ask you.

"&c. &c. &c.

"*Windsor Castle, November* 25, 1869."

The General has since been very urgent with me to publish! And—to make a long story short—I have been, what many people will think, weak enough to agree to his wish! Of course, I am nervous about it; but I am somewhat encouraged by your Royal Highness's kind permission to dedicate it to you. In fact it can have no interest, except in so far as it is connected with your Royal Highnesses.

I know well, dear Princess, how indulgent your Royal Highness and the Prince of Wales will be to it; and I do hope that it may at least serve to recall to you and the Prince the recollection of many pleasant scenes and events, and of what was to me, owing entirely to both your Royal Highnesses' invariable kindness to me, a most happy time.

I remain

Your Royal Highness's

Most devoted and affectionately

attached Servant,

THERESA GREY.

Marlborough House, December 4, 1869.

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JOURNAL OF A VISIT

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CHAPTER I.

SWEDEN—COPENHAGEN—BERLIN—VIENNA, AND EMBARKATION AND VOYAGE IN "ARIADNE."

HAVING obtained leave from the Princess to spend the summer with my parents in Sweden, I sailed in the *Hero* from Hull, for Gottenburg, on Saturday morning, the 18th of July, 1868. General and Mrs. Grey, with two daughters, had promised to come a fortnight later to pay me a visit at my own home, which promise was fulfilled, and a very happy seven weeks we had all together at Elghammar.

On the 14th of September they left it to return to England, it being my intention, when they left, to follow in about three weeks; and after a little time spent with my eldest brother, lately appointed Swedish Minister at Copenhagen, to return to England towards the end of October.

These plans were, however, all upset by a letter from the Princess, in which she told me that she wished me to accompany her on the tour she projected with the Prince of Wales to the East, and to join her at Copenhagen in the beginning of January; and that in the meantime I might remain quietly—which she knew would be a pleasure to me—with my father and mother in Sweden. This was too tempting an offer not to be eagerly embraced, and accordingly, after six months spent happily with my dear parents, I left Stockholm at 6 P.M. on the 10th of January, to join her Royal Highness at Copenhagen. At five o'clock I went to say good-by once more to my dear mother and brother, who were neither of them well enough to come to the station, to which my father and many friends accompanied me to see me off.

The weather was dull, but very mild (8° Cent. above 0); and being 17° in the railway-carriage, all the precautions against cold, of fur cloaks and wrappers, were quite unnecessary. At 11 P.M. I arrived

at Elmhult, where I was delighted to find a clean and warm bed.

The next day, *January* 11, I started at 8.45 for Malmö, where I arrived at one o'clock, and took the boat that left for Copenhagen at two, which latter place we reached by four o'clock; the sea as calm as possible.

My brother met me on landing with his carriage, and at once took me home to his house, where he had tried—and certainly with complete success—to make me comfortable; and here I spent four very happy days with him.

January 12.—Soon after breakfast I went to see my dear Princess, and to hear something of the proposed plans. I found her, as usual, most kind and affectionate, but very sorry that the few weeks she had been able to spend with her father and mother had come to an end. Her visit seemed to have been a great happiness to her. It is now arranged that we shall set out for our long journey on the 15th, and that while I accompany her Royal Highness as her lady-in-waiting, Lady Carmarthen and Colonel Keppel, who accompanied the Prince and Princess from England in November, shall part from us at Hamburg, and, with Sir W. Knollys, take the Royal children home. The plan is for us to pass

by Berlin and Vienna, and embark on board the *Ariadne* frigate, fitted as a yacht, at Trieste; sail from thence to Alexandria; and, after going up the Nile as far as the Second Cataract, to visit Constantinople, the Crimea, and Greece, before returning home somewhere about the beginning of May. Such is the plan made out for us, but it is, of course, open to many changes, as the political state of things between Greece and Turkey at the present moment may, after all, very possibly upset the latter part of the journey; and in that case we shall return home through Italy.

We dined at the Palace, where I saw all the Royal family, who were most kind and gracious. Later in the evening I went to a reception at the Russian Minister's, Baron Mohrenheim.

January 13.—In the morning paid some visits, and took a walk with my brother, with whom I spent the day, and dined alone at home, paying a quiet visit after dinner to a relation.

January 14.—I had a long audience of the Queen, and later of Princess Caroline.

We had some people to dinner, and at nine o'clock went to a ball at the Palace, from which we did not get home till three o'clock.

January 15.—My last day with my dear brother,

and though I looked forward with great delight to our Eastern trip, yet I felt quite sad to leave him, and my heart almost sunk within me at the thought of parting from all I love most in the world for such a long time.

At 8 P. M. I joined the Prince and Princess at the station, to which they were accompanied by the King, the Queen, and the Crown Prince, who, together with their suite, and also the English Minister, Sir C. Wyke, and some other members of the Embassy, went with us as far as Korsöer. At the station a great many Danish officials, Foreign Ministers, and many members of society, had assembled to take leave of their Royal Highnesses. We arrived at Korsöer at eleven, and left again at twelve o'clock by the steamer *Freya* for Lübeck. The Danish Royal family took leave of us at Korsöer, and returned to Copenhagen the same night. After a very fair passage of ten hours, we arrived at Lübeck at half-past ten in the morning of January 16. We started at once by special train for Hamburg, where we arrived at 1.30 P. M., and drove to the Victoria Hotel.

Our party, including the servants, was now forty-two in all. The weather much colder (5° Reaum.) and we saw ice and snow.

We were all rather tired, and did not leave the hotel. We dined at seven o'clock, our dinner-party consisting of ourselves, the Duke and Duchess of Glücksburg, Princess Louise, and Prince Julius of Glücksburg, and Mr. Warde, the English Minister for the Hanse Towns.

January 17.—Got up early to see the Royal children off, who, under the care of Lady Carmarthen, Sir W. Knollys, and Colonel Keppel, left at 7.30 A.M. for England. At one o'clock we started by special train for Berlin, and arrived there at 7 P.M. We were received at the station by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Prussia, the English Ambassador, and Lady A. Loftus, and all the members of the Embassy, as well as by the Danish Minister, and many other persons belonging to the Government or Court.

We were lodged (that is, the Prince, Princess and myself,) at the Crown Prince's palace; the gentlemen of the suite, now consisting of Colonel Teesdale, Captain Ellis, Lord Carington, Mr. O. Montagu, and Dr. Minter, being put up at the King's palace. I dined in my own room, and went to bed early.

January 18.—Went to pay some visits in the morning with Countess Hohenthal.

Dined at five o'clock at the King's palace, and

after dinner went to the ballet of *Sardanapalus*, beautifully given at the opera.

The weather very cold (8° Reaum.).

January 19.—At one o'clock we went to the skating place near the "Förster Haus" in the Thiergarten, and remained there more than two hours. I and all the suite dined with Lord A. Loftus at five o'clock. At 9.30 there was a great ball at the King's palace, in the round white hall. It was very pretty, and the decorations of all the adjoining rooms very bright, and tastefully done. Came home at three o'clock.

January 20.—Went out shopping early in the morning with my maid, and at one o'clock to a skating party at the same place as yesterday, where regimental bands played, and a breakfast was given by the King. It was a pretty sight, but for those who, like myself, did not skate, a very cold pleasure, though we were pushed about in small sledges.

We dined at five o'clock at the Crown Prince's palace, and at seven o'clock went to the ballet, *Flick and Flack*. We returned home after it to change our dresses, and at eleven left Berlin by the ordinary train for Vienna, being accompanied to the station by the Crown Prince and Princess and their suite, and met there by the English Ambassador and the

members of the British Embassy, the Danish Minister and his wife, &c. It was frightfully cold all night; the thermometer in my carriage was below Zero Centigrade, and when I awoke in the morning I found a heap of snow on my feet that had come in through the window!

January 21.—Travelled all day. The weather bitterly cold; (10° of frost, Reaumur.)

Prince Teck joined us at Breslau at 7 A.M. We breakfasted at Oderberg, and arrived at Vienna at 8 P.M.; and were met at the station by the Emperor.

Drove straight to the Burg, where the Empress received us in the hall, looking beautiful, dressed all in white and diamonds. She was attended by Countess Königsegg, the Princess Taxis, and Countess Hunyady. General Baron Schall, Count Bellegarde, and Baron Bechtelsheim, are appointed by the Emperor to be in attendance on the Prince and Princess during their stay here. The Prince and Princess have a splendid suite of rooms in the Burg. I, too, am very comfortably lodged.

January 22.—The cold to-day is greatly increased, (14° Reaumur.) We spent all the morning in calling upon the Royalties: first, the Empress and the Dowager Empress; then the Archduchess Sophie (the

Emperor's mother), with arch-dukes and duchesses without end, whose names would be too long and too many to enumerate.

The Prince and Princess dined at six o'clock with the Emperor and Empress (Familien Tafel), and all the suite with the household; after which we went to the ballet *Sprohfeuer* at the opera.

January 23.—As cold as ever. At twelve o'clock we started in four carriages, with six horses each, to pay a visit to the King and Queen of Hanover at Heitzing. They were most kind and amiable, as, indeed, they always have been to me; and I thought it quite sad to see them in a position, and leading a life, so different from what we had witnessed when I went with the Prince and Princess on a visit to Hanover in 1864.

We went thence to see the skating at the Schwarzenberg Garten. We dined at six o'clock with the Emperor and Empress, and after dinner went to see *Don Juan*, not very well given.

January 24.—Went at 11.30 to church at the English Embassy. Lunched with Lord and Lady Bloomfield, and afterwards went to see the skating. It was very cold, indeed—15° of frost! At six o'clock there was a great dinner at the Burg, a band playing all the time, led by Strauss. I went afterwards

with Countess Königsegg to the Burg Theatre, to see *Donna Diana,* which was rather amusing, and afterwards went to a small party at Countess Lariche's. I like all the people of the Court very much, — everybody was so kind to me; and it touched and pleased me more than I can say, to see how everybody seemed still to remember dear William, of whom they all spoke with real regard and affection; yet it is seventeen years since he belonged to the Embassy at Vienna!

January 25.—The Princess and I went out shopping together. Later, I went out again with Princess Taxis, and drove to the Promenade Prater. There was a five-o'clock dinner-party at Prince Augustus's of Saxe-Coburg, after which we went to the play to see *Blaubart;* and at ten o'clock to a concert at the Emperor's, in the Burg, given in the "Alexander Zimmer." The music was beautiful, but the arrangement was quite new to me. We sat at small tables in the same room as the music, each person being told at which table they were to sit; and between each piece of music different refreshments were brought in, ending, at last, with a real supper. No table-cloth was put on the table; the plates were merely set before you, and the dishes handed round.

January 26.—I went out early with Princess

Taxis to see the church in the Burg where all the royal hearts are kept! In a small corner of the church you look through some iron railings at a long row of silver urns, with inscriptions on them, which contain the hearts. The custom is, whenever a royal person dies, to take out the heart, and place it here; the inside of the body being placed in another church, and the rest of the body in a third! I confess that, in spite of the honour of being buried with royal rites, I should prefer, when I die, that my poor body should be left at peace. We then walked through a splendid winter garden belonging to the Burg, and afterwards went to the "Treasury," and saw most beautiful jewels, agates, crystals, and gems of all kinds.

We also went to the Imperial stables, which are on a great and magnificent scale; 500 horses, 600 carriages, and so on. The Empress takes great interest in it herself, and they say she rides very well and a great deal. Some of the State coaches were beautiful, with paintings on them by Rubens. At two o'clock we went to the Burg, and I accompanied the Princess to a skating party at Princess Schwarzenburg's, for which she only returned just in time, having been with the Prince to pay a visit to the King and Queen of Hanover.

Home to dress. The Prince and Princess dined

at the Prince of Würtemberg's, and I with the Swedish Minister. At nine o'clock we went to a small evening-party at Prince Hohenlohe's, given on purpose to let the Prince and Princess hear the two brothers Strauss play on the piano. From thence I went to a ball called the "Picnic" ball, also in the Burg, given every week for a charitable object. The music was excellent, but it was not otherwise a pretty ball. I did not get to bed till two o'clock, with the pleasant prospect of getting up again in three hours to commence our long and cold journey to Trieste.

Wednesday the 27th.—Up at five, and took the 6.30 train for Trieste. The Princess's uncle, Prince Wilhelm of Glücksburg, the Prince of Lippe, and many members of the Court, as well as the English Ambassador and Danish Minister, coming to the station to take leave of their Royal Highnesses. The weather was less cold, and the day very fine and sunny, and I seldom saw anything prettier than the scenery we passed this day. The Alps on each side of us, with their tops covered with snow, and the sun shining on them, had the prettiest effect possible. The ascent of the Simmering is most curious; the railroad goes in a zigzag line, so that after having left a station or a house to the right, we found it in a few minutes at a great distance below us on our left!

At Grätz, Prince Teck, who had come so far with us from Vienna, left us.

We breakfasted at Murzuschlag at 10 A.M., and dined at Steinbruck at 4 P.M., arriving at Trieste at 9.30. We drove at once down to the Quay, and went on board the *Psyche*, Captain Sir C. Blackwood, which took us off to the *Ariadne*, Captain F. Campbell, which ship has been fitted as a yacht for the accommodation of the Prince and Princess during their tour in the East.

As we left the Quay a few rockets were sent up, and the *Ariadne* was then lit up with red and blue lights, which had a very pretty effect. The sea was perfectly calm; and the moon shining over the town, and on the distant snow-topped Alps, with the innumerable ships lying in the harbour, made it altogether a perfect picture. After we had all retired to our cabins, a fearful fire broke out in some of the warehouses close to the Quay. I rather think that all our luggage, sent on before, had been kept in this very house till the morning of this day, when it was put on board the *Ariadne*. Thus we had a very narrow escape of losing all our property, which, considering where we were going, would have been very serious.

January 28.—Weighed anchor at 9 A.M., and left Trieste in the finest weather possible. Our party

now consisted of the Prince and Princess and myself, Colonel Teesdale, Captain Ellis, Lord Carington, Mr. O. Montagu, Doctor Minter, and Mr. Brierley, who had joined us at Trieste to accompany us during our tour, in order to make a series of sketches for his Royal Highness.

The *Ariadne*, in reality a man-of-war, but for this occasion fitted up as a yacht, is most comfortable. The Prince and Princess have two large sleeping cabins, besides a large cabin for a sitting-room, and another for a dining-room. I have a charming cabin also, with a bath-room outside, and my maid next-door to me. In short, I think we were all much pleased with the accommodation and arrangement of what is to be our *home*, while at sea, for the next four months.

All day running smoothly down the Adriatic. Passed Pola at two o'clock.

January 29.—The wind right against us, and the weather squally and misty. Passed the island of Lissa at one o'clock.

January 30.—My birthday, and I felt rather sad at being so far from those I love; however, I felt that our thoughts met. In the evening a performance took place amongst the crew, of dancing, mesmerizing, &c.

January 31.—Very fine weather, and quite calm.

Service at eleven o'clock; which I heard from my cabin. We were all day running down the Albanian coast, which looked beautiful with the sun shining on the hills. Passed Zante at eleven o'clock, Navarino at two o'clock, and came later in sight of Cerigo.

February 1.—Passed Candia, and had Mount Ida in sight all the morning till two o'clock. The weather was warm and fine and the sea very calm.

February 2.—The weather is exceedingly fine and warm. At 5.30 we were 100 miles from Alexandria, off which we arrived and lay to, in the course of the night.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL AT ALEXANDRIA—CAIRO.

February 3. — At 7 A.M. Colonel Stanton, British Consul-General in Egypt, and Sir Samuel Baker—the latter having come out on purpose to accompany the Prince up the Nile—came off to us where we were lying to outside the harbour, which we entered soon after they came on board.

The first sight of Alexandria was really very striking. The weather, though cold, was very bright, and nothing could be more gay and interesting than the whole scene as we came into the harbour. The vessels in the port had all "dressed ship," as I had learnt to call it on board the *Ariadne*, that is, they were covered with flags from the top of each mast to the water's edge, and all saluted and manned yards; while hundreds of boats of the most picturesque shapes, and very gaily painted, filled with black and bronze-

faced half savage-looking people, dressed in the brightest Egyptian costumes, came out to see us, and pulled round the ship. I was immensely amused and interested by the sight. The band of the *Ariadne*, meanwhile, played on board; and music, such as it was, in many of the boats, added to the effect.

At eleven o'clock we disembarked under salutes from the *Ariadne* and other ships, and from the shore, and were met on landing by the Viceroy's eldest son, Mehemet Taafik Pasha, as well as by numbers of officers and official persons of all sorts, in full uniform. The officers appointed to attend upon the Prince during his stay in Egypt—Mourad Pasha and Abdel Kader Bey—came on board the *Ariadne* before we landed. State carriages were provided for us in the railway, to which we walked up; a regiment of Zouaves of the Guard lining the way up to the station, where there was a guard of honour. The number of people out to see us was enormous, forming, indeed, a regular wall of natives on both sides all the way up! The effect of their beautifully bright dresses was very striking; even those who were scantily clothed, or not clothed at all, having always some bright cap or handkerchief on their head, which gave them a bright appearance; and I must say I was immensely struck by it all. At 3 P.M. we arrived at Kafr Zayat,

and got out at the station to have luncheon, which was a grand affair; and after it large pipes were brought into the carriage, and everybody smoked and had coffee.

At five we arrived at Cairo, where we were received by the Viceroy; the special train running through the public station to the Viceroy's private one, opposite the garden of Kazr-el-Nil. Their Royal Highnesses were also met here by Mrs. Stanton and General McLean, with his wife and daughter.

The Viceroy and his eldest son took the Prince and Princess to an immense hall in the Palace, where I and all the suite followed, and were all presented to the Viceroy. We then went straight to carriages which were waiting for us in the large courtyard,—English carriages and horses, with postilions and liveries in the English fashion,—and then, with regiments of Zouaves drawn up all round, and an escort of Lancers following each of the first carriages, we drove to the Palace Esbekieh, which has been appropriated to the Prince of Wales during our stay in Egypt. The Prince and Princess and the Viceroy were in the first carriage; the young Prince and I, with Mourad Pasha, in the next, and so on.

The Palace of Esbekieh is beautiful; full of French luxury, but without the real comfort of an

English house. The Prince and Princess have an immense bedroom, full of rich French furniture. The beds are very beautiful, made of massive silver, and cost, I believe, 3,000*l.* each! My room is so large that even when the candles are lit, there might be somebody sitting at the other end of it without your knowing it. You could not even hear people speaking from one end to the other! It is as high as it is long, with nine large windows. There is a beautiful silver bed; a large divan (rather high and hard for comfort) round half of the room; a common writing-table and washhand-stand (put in all the rooms at the request of Sir S. Baker); a large sofa, and quantities of very smart chairs round the walls. The curtains and covers of the furniture are all made of the richest silk. Add to all this, one immense looking-glass, and you have the whole furniture of my room, which is more like a state drawing-room at Windsor, than a bedroom. All the other rooms are furnished in the same way.

We dined at seven o'clock, after which we went into a very pretty drawing-room, where we had coffee, and then beautiful long eastern pipes were handed round, all the mouthpieces being of the lightest-coloured amber, and set with large rings of diamonds and precious stones! The money spent on pipes in this country must be fabulous, and they say that in

the Viceroy's treasury there are pipes the value of some of which amounts to no less than 6,000*l.* apiece! I could not resist the temptation of following the example of the rest, as I thought smoking out of those lovely pipes must be quite different from any other smoking; but I am sorry to say I soon found the taste very like what it is elsewhere, and gave it up at once. In fact, I only tried it out of curiosity; though I must confess I constantly had to accept a pipe when offered afterwards in the course of our tour.

At nine o'clock we went to the French play, and saw *Le Serment de Horace*, *Contributions indiscrètes*, &c. It is a rather nice little theatre, open for the first time this year. Opposite our box we saw two "*loges grillées*," in which we were told that the Viceroy's wives and daughters were sitting.

The Duke of Sutherland, with his party, consisting of Lord Stafford, Colonel Marshall, Dr. Russell, Mr. Sumner, Professor Owen, Mr. Fowler, and Major Alison, are also at Cairo, and are going to follow us in a steamer as far as the First Cataract.

The cold here in the house is really intense; it is all built for hot weather, and that at present being anything but hot, we are all shivering. The thermometer shows only 12° in my great room, or rather hall.

February 4.—A very fine day, but very cold in the

shade, and I was so cold in the night that I slept very little. The noise, too, in the streets of Cairo is really something dreadful. People scream and shout, and the dogs bark and howl all night long, and altogether the noise is most disagreeable.

At nine o'clock we went to the Place of the Citadel, which is an immense open square, to see the procession of Pilgrims set out with the holy carpet for Mecca, where is the grave of their Prophet. Here a tribune had been erected, on which the Viceroy's eldest son and the principal Ministers had taken their stand, the carriage of the Prince and Princess being drawn up close to it.

The carpet is carried on the back of a camel in a white silk mehmal, embroidered in gold; on another camel was carried a sort of temple, or small mosque, in gold, about three yards wide. Then followed a most horrible sight: a half-naked and immensely fat man, sitting on a camel, rolling his head all round as if it had been fastened on by a spring; shutting his eyes, and holding his hands on his sides! He is supposed to represent a saint; but, in my eyes, he only represented the most disgusting object possible. He has already been twenty times to Mecca, and he never changes his position or ceases to turn his head, so to say, round and round, at all events as

long as the procession is in the town, which lasts many hours. Next followed a long string of camels, dressed out with trappings all embroidered in gold, and decorated with looking-glasses, and flags and beads of every possible kind. Natives on their backs in their wonderful costumes and finery, many playing on pipes and tomtoms. Troops closed the procession.

As soon as the procession had gone twice round the large square, the camel with the holy carpet was stopped before the tribune, and the Crown Prince, or rather Mehemet Taafik Pasha, kissed it, and blessed it; after which the *cortège* went on its way. We had remained in our carriages the whole time, but as soon as the procession had passed, we drove to an old house, or convent, from the windows of which we again saw the whole procession, which had now increased to thousands and thousands of people, and certainly a more striking sight, or a more beautiful one, can hardly be witnessed. Hundreds of banners and flags carried by the natives; camels, and horses, and donkeys, carrying priests, all dressed out; the people following, some reading out, some screaming, some singing, some carrying snakes about two yards long, or more, in their hands, of which I was told they only cut off the head, and then eat them alive! Then there were men carrying nets with fishes, while

every now and then came two savage-looking men, naked as far as the hips, with swords in their hands, having a sham fight, and throwing themselves violently on their swords, as if they were trying to cut themselves in two, and all the time screaming and shouting. This procession lasted fully an hour and a half, and never for a moment did one see the same picture before one's eyes. At last came the part of the procession we had already seen, and then there was such a screaming, and cheering, and clapping of hands as was never heard, from all the houses, in which I may say every window was filled, and every roof covered, with ladies, all veiled. I hardly think it possible for anybody to give an idea of this most curious sight.

We then drove home, and both coming and going, in the midst of these crowded streets, and in spite of the excitement we had witnessed, a degree of order and quiet prevailed which seemed to me quite wonderful. No police or soldiers were to be seen, and we only had two boys (Syces), dressed in white, with red velvet bodies, running barefoot before our carriages, with their long sticks to clear the way, when everybody moved on and made way for us much more readily than they would have done in any civilized country. Yet this was their greatest feast of the year, and I should add, that the sight of Europeans, or rather, of Christians,

is by no means pleasant to them, and in former days it often happened that they insulted travellers by throwing things at them, and calling them "unclean dogs," and so on. But certainly civilization is making its way here, and nothing of the kind ever happens now.

After luncheon the Princess, myself, Colonel Stanton, and Dr. Minter, went to the Turkish Bazaar, and the Gold Bazaar. After dinner to the French play.

February 5.—At twelve o'clock the Princess and I went to the Harem of "La Grande Princesse," the Viceroy's mother, being invited by her to dinner.

We drove first through a garden, which, later in the year, must be beautiful, and were received at the door of the Palace by la Grande Princesse, the second and third wife of the Viceroy (the first and fourth were not well), his eldest son, and two eldest daughters. La Grande Princesse took the Princess by the hand, while one of the wives handed me, another Mrs. Stanton, and one of the daughters Miss McLean, and thus we went in procession to an immense drawing-room, the whole way there being lined with slaves.

We only passed through this room, however, and went straight to the dining-room, after having a

cherry given to us to eat, handed to us on a most beautiful gold tray, with goblets and plates of gold and precious stones. A slave then offered each of us a silver basin to wash our hands in before we sat down to dinner. In the middle of the room there was a kind of round silver table, about one foot high from the floor, looking more like a big tray than anything else; large square cushions were placed all round it, and so we sat down "à la Turque" round the table; la Grande Princesse having the Princess of Wales on her right; next whom was Mehemet Taafik Pasha; then the third Princess and myself; with the second Princess next me, on the left side of the Viceroy's mother. Mrs. Stanton and Miss McLean, with the two daughters of the Viceroy, dined in another room.

A slave now came in very smartly dressed, half the skirt of black satin, and embroidered in gold; the other half of yellow satin, also trimmed with gold, and with a sort of turban on her head. She had a beautifully embroidered napkin, with gold fringe, hanging on her arm, and we were told that her office was equivalent to that of an European maître-d'hôtel. She placed each dish in the middle of the table, beginning with soup,—a sort of chicken-broth with rice. We were each given a sort of tortoiseshell spoon, with a large coral branch as a handle, but neither knife nor fork;

and then, at a sign from the old Princess, we all dipped our spoons into the tureen together! Next came an enormous bit of mutton, of which we had to tear off bits with our fingers, and put them straight into our mouths! About twenty dishes followed in rapid succession, alternately savoury and sweet. A large sort of omelette—sausages full of garlic—a sweet dish of vermicelli and sugar—fried-fish—a sweet dish made of rose-water and tapioca or gum, half liquid, dressed out on the top with almonds, and served in a basin—a dish of hashed meat with onions—a kind of mince of sage, rice, and raw onions, all rolled in a cabbage-leaf, followed each other in succession! Then pastry, and then some other curious dishes. Sweetmeats, currant-jelly, and thick sour cream, were served between; that is, one was allowed to dip one's spoon in the dishes of these things which remained on the table. The last dish of all was a tureen of boiled rice, in which we all dipped our spoons, alternately with a dish of sweetmeat.

A small basin of compote of cherries was then put before everybody, and we had done dinner according to Egyptian habits! I must confess that I never in my life was more disgusted, or felt more inclined to be sick, than I did during this meal. I had had nothing but a cup of coffee in the morning,

and the taste of these extraordinary dishes, as well as the sight of all these fingers dipped into the dishes of thick sour cream, or a dish of preserves, and the next moment tearing off a bit of meat or sausage from the same piece of which I felt myself in duty bound to eat, was really too nasty. I did refuse once or twice; but the third Princess took that for shyness, and each time took a bit of the dish herself, and put it into my hand—once, a large onion dipped in gravy!

They complimented us on our way of eating, and said we did it very cleverly; that, generally, the Europeans eat with all five fingers, but that we did it with three, which was quite right. No wine or water was served during dinner, so, when the Grande Princesse offered me some liquid stuff in a kind of tortoiseshell cup, I seized hold of it with great delight, in hopes of something to wash down the things I had been swallowing *bon gré, mal gré*, and took a large spoonful of it, thinking it was water and syrup; when, to my horror, it proved to be some sort of sour stuff, —vinegar, with an addition of herbs and cucumbers, —and I could not help making an awful face, to the great amusement of the whole party!

We now got up from the floor, and a slave then put me into, or rather handed me to, an armchair, and brought me a silver basin, very deep, and with a small

dish in the middle full of holes. We were given a bit of soap, and, while rubbing our fingers with the soap, the slave poured water the whole time over our hands, and this ran through at once into the dish. We then got a very smart towel, with a border richly embroidered in gold, to dry our fingers with.

Then we went again in procession to the large drawing-room or hall we had before passed through, and here we all sat down on a large divan. Music was then heard, and in marched about twenty musicians in uniform, like a military band, wearing trousers and frock-coats, with gold buttons, &c., quite European, the musicians being all girls thus dressed out! The music was not famous—flutes, a couple of cornets, a violin, and a guitar—still they played rather nicely, though the tunes were not very pleasing to the ear. About fourteen girls now came in dancing, some dressed in yellow satin, embroidered with silver, and others in black satin, embroidered with gold. They all wore bodies of silver gauze, with a belt of gold band, very loose, and a large clasp or star of diamonds and precious stones hanging down in front. Their dance was more curious than pretty, though some movements were graceful enough. Others, on the contrary, were simply frightful. For instance, they had a way of moving and shaking their heads

and other parts of their bodies all separately, as if no one part belonged to the other parts, which was quite monstrous. These poor girls danced in this manner for nearly two hours, and when we expressed some pity for them, we were answered, "Oh! they are never tired. They can dance like this for five hours at a time." They looked, however, much exhausted, and one seemed very nearly fainting.

While this dancing was going on, coffee was served several times. A slave brought in a tray covered with a black velvet cloth about a yard and a half wide, all embroidered with pearls and enormous uncut emeralds; and in the middle one enormous diamond star, quite five inches wide. This cover was lifted off, and under it were small cups, like egg-cups, which were filled with coffee and handed round one by one by a slave, another slave following and offering one of their long Turkish pipes, set with diamonds, or a cigarette with the most beautiful holder, all one mass of precious stones; the mouthpiece itself being one large ruby or emerald! The cups, too, were a mass of diamonds!

When all this was over, they asked if we would like to see the rooms upstairs; so up we marched, each again handed by a Princess, to the upper story, passing through a great many very fine rooms, very

high, with what little furniture there was in each room, of the most gorgeous description, and evidently French. Much gilding, and large looking-glasses, a large divan, a marble table in the middle of the room, some chairs, and all is told! Even in the bedroom of la Grande Princesse, there was not a single bit of furniture, except a high divan, and a low one with a striped blanket spread over it, which they said was her bed. Not a table of any sort in the room, nor a sign of any washing materials. Still they all seem very clean, as they regularly take their Turkish baths, which are arranged in every apartment.

After having inspected every corner of the upper story,—the young Prince, who accompanied us and acted as our interpreter (which, as he spoke French fluently, and was most kind and amiable, he did extremely well), saying, "La Princesse doit tout voir" —after, I say, inspecting the upper story most minutely and conscientiously, we went downstairs again, which, to us, is a very easy matter, but which seemed very difficult for these poor Princesses in their Turkish dresses. Indeed, they could hardly move on at all, their legs seeming to be wrapped up in a kind of wide trousers, or long petticoats made of some soft white stuff, which, with their long trains, made them very awkward.

We found the old Princess, who had not accompanied us upstairs, waiting for us below. We then sat down in the same way as we had done before, and music and dancing again began; only a new set of slaves had taken the place of the former ones.

I did not see a single really pretty face, and hardly even a good-looking one among them. However, they told us that there are a couple of pretty ones, but for some reason or other they were not allowed to show to-day. Altogether, there are 500 slaves in this Harem, and about twenty of them were always standing at a short distance from our chairs wherever we went. They are dressed in the most ridiculous and tasteless manner, in the European fashion, but no two alike. One had a bright yellow dress with a green velvet jacket; another a green velvet skirt with a red or blue jacket; and so on. Some had hideous round hats with bright flowers and feathers; some had beads in their hair. In short, they were dressed in the most vulgar and ugly manner it is possible to imagine. A great many had diamond ornaments, earrings, and brooches, and a few had the Viceroy's picture set in diamonds on their shoulder. I think it is a great pity that they have not a regular costume, as their present way of dressing very much spoils the otherwise so very Eastern

effect and look of the Harem. Sitting there in the midst of these Princesses, dressed in their splendid jewels and all their finery, and surrounded by their slaves, reminded one of the descriptions one reads in the *Arabian Nights* or some old fairy tale.

Coffee was again served very often. A slave carrying the tray stopped, in the middle of the room just in front of us, while another carried the coffee-pot, hanging by three long silver chains over a sort of lamp, just like the censers used in Catholic churches. Another slave lifted off the jewelled velvet cloth which hung down in front, and poured coffee into the small diamond cups, which were again handed to us, each cup by a different slave; the one with the tray standing the whole time in the middle of the room till all the empty cups were replaced.

At four o'clock we thought it was time to give the signal of departure, so the Princess got up, and we were all handed out again to the door of the garden, just as we had come in, all smiling and grinning to show their delight, and tapping one hard on the shoulder as a great sign of affection.

They were all perfectly enchanted with the Princess, and about every ten or fifteen minutes "une phrase de cérémonie" was exchanged through

the Prince. "La Grande Princesse est si contente de vous voir," * or "La Grande Princesse regrette tant que cela soit contre l'usage du pays, de vous rendre cette visite;" † and so on. The young Prince, who speaks French most perfectly, acted as interpreter the whole time, and did it remarkably well. At last they all expressed a hope that the Princess would come and dine again on her return to Cairo. I confess my heart sunk within me at the thought of another dinner like this, as I still felt quite sick.

I think this is all that happened worth putting down during our visit, still I may just as well write down some details of their "*vie intime*" in the Harem. We have now seen the bright side, but there is also a "*revers de la médaille.*" They told me that these four wives have constant quarrels and squabbles, occasioned by jealousy, and that sometimes the Viceroy is obliged to separate them.

These poor Princesses lead the most useless and idle life. They cannot read nor write, or do anything; yet one or two of them looked very intelligent,—one, especially, seeming very clever and sharp. And I felt quite sad to think of the ignorant, dull, and useless

* The Princess is so pleased to see you.

† The Princess is so sorry that it is contrary to the custom of the country to return your visit.

life they are living. However, the Viceroy is doing all he can to change, or rather, to improve, the ideas and habits about ladies. For instance, he allows them to go to the play and the circus in their *loges grillées*, and to drive about with the thinnest veil over the face, which, as the eyes are quite uncovered, is easily recognized through it. The people in general do not at all like these changes; and as yet very few follow his example in allowing their wives to go out beyond the garden of their harem, and look with fear on this step towards emancipation.

They are very severe to their slaves, and often ill-use them terribly, that is, they are often beaten (which people say they don't mind!), but get plenty of food (I am sure I do not envy them this part), and are allowed to dress as smartly and ridiculously as they like. If they behave well, the Viceroy lets them marry after sixteen or twenty years' service; sometimes giving them away to some unfortunate officer or official, who always must accept the present, without ever having seen the treasure bestowed upon him! When they afterwards come back to see the Princesses, they are allowed to sit down in their presence, as a great sign of favour.

The Viceroy's eldest daughter, about fourteen years old (she looked more like twenty!), is going to

be married to some rich Pasha of the country. I asked if she was happy; and I was answered, "She has never seen her future husband, and will not see him till their wedding-day. Her father has settled the marriage, and she has only to obey!" It appears that the Viceroy has now decided that no one hereafter is to marry more than one wife.

The luxury and total disregard of expense in these Harems can hardly be described. In this case, for instance, the bride has got three wedding-dresses,—there being three days of ceremonial; the two simplest costing 1,100*l.* apiece, and the smartest one, 1,400*l.* The sum settled for the wedding expenses is 40,000*l.*, half being given by the Viceroy, and half by the future husband. It has all to be spent in these three days, heaps of money being thrown out among the slaves, who are then allowed to pick it up, and, so to say, rush upon it and fight for it.

The dresses the Princesses wore to-day were splendid, as far as jewels go. One had on a white moire-antique dress, richly embroidered, nearly all over, with gold; another had a red one; and blue and grey were worn by the younger ones, all equally embroidered. The shape of their dress was very odd; it seemed to me equally long in front as behind, where it formed a long train. The skirt was cut open

about two feet on each side, showing their legs and feet, wrapped up in some soft white material or other. The train in front was passed behind, and their walk in consequence of all this was anything but graceful; for having this thick heavy gown between their legs, they could only waddle along like ducks.

Their hair was done in the European fashion, but with enormous tiaras or coronets, very heavy, though splendid with precious stones, on their heads; one really more beautiful than another. Necklaces too, with diamonds as big as a shilling-piece, and drops of diamonds cut round like crystals, and quite enormous.

Each had a ring of a single diamond with no setting to be seen at all. That of the old Princess was so large that she could only wear it on the middle finger. I should think it was about an inch wide, but I thought it more curious than pretty.

Each wife wore a belt about three inches wide, all set quite close with very large diamonds, and uncut emeralds and rubies. I never saw anything equal to it; no gold setting to be seen at all—only these beautiful stones. They had also the Viceroy's picture on the left shoulder set in enormous diamonds. Yet in spite of all this finery and luxury, I would rather be the poorest peasant woman working for my bread, than one of these miserable creatures. Still they say

that the Viceroy is very kind to them, and does all he can to give them liberty and amusement.

We returned home at four o'clock, and at five the Princess, myself, and the Duke of Sutherland went to see the stables of Ali Sheriff Pasha, who has some beautiful Arab horses. In the evening we went to the play, after which the Prince went with all his suite to the Viceroy's Palace of Gizereh to supper. Here they saw the dancing-girls, and all agreed that the sight was rather curious than pleasing. The same mode of dancing is said to have existed for more than two thousand years.

To-morrow we are to leave Cairo, and commence our voyage up the Nile.

CHAPTER III.

VOYAGE UP THE NILE.

February 6.—Before leaving Cairo I went out with Fina (my maid) to make some purchases. The day though bright was very cold. Indeed the cold the whole time we have been at Cairo has been intense. In my large room the thermometer (Centigrade) has never been above twelve or thirteen degrees.

At two o'clock we left our Palace and embarked on board the boats which had been prepared for us, to commence our voyage up the Nile. Our party was large, and the number of vessels provided for us formed really a little fleet, of which the following was the order of sailing:—A large and very smartly fitted-up steamer, the *Federabanee*, Captain Achmet Bey, heads the squadron, and is occupied by Prince Louis of Battenberg (midshipman on board the *Ariadne*, and invited by the Prince to accompany him during the trip on the Nile), Major Teesdale, Captain Ellis,

equerries in waiting, Lord Carington, Mr. O. Montagu, Dr. Minter, Sir Samuel Baker, and Mr. Brierley. On deck there is a large saloon all fitted up with silk, and looking-glasses, and every description of luxury, and here we are always to have our meals. Outside this again there is a small open saloon with a large looking-glass at the back, so that wherever one sits one sees the scenery behind one.

This steamer tows a most beautiful dahabeah, as they call these Nile boats, which has been named the "Alexandra," in which the Prince and Princess and myself are to live. It is all fitted up in blue and gold, with a great deal of taste, and the cabins are all large and most comfortable. The Prince and Princess have a very nice sleeping cabin, with a bath-room and dressing-room apiece. There is a large sitting-room with a piano and very pretty furniture; and then come my two cabins, small, about seven feet square, but very comfortable, and outside these, a large cabin for the dresser, Mrs. Jones, and my excellent Fina. We have a very nice place outside where we can sit and read or draw, and an upper deck besides. We are, indeed, very well off, except that we must go on board the big steamer for every meal — breakfast at ten, luncheon at two, and at seven, dinner. This is

rather troublesome, and will, I fear, often oblige us to remain all day on board the big boat, a thing we do not fancy much, so the Princess means to try and get back to the small boat after breakfast every day, in order to have some hours' quiet for useful occupations.

After these boats comes the kitchen-steamer with four French and one Arab cook on board. It carries all the kitchen apparatus and tows a large barge full of provisions, dead and alive—turkeys, sheep, chickens, &c. Another steamer conveys Colonel Stanton, our Consul-General at Cairo, with our two Egyptian gentlemen, Mourad Pasha and Abdel Kader Bey; and also tows a barge containing three horses and two donkeys, as well as a poor unfortunate French washerwoman, who, with her husband and child on board, is to go with us as far as the First Cataract, and to wait for us there till we return. Another smaller steamer, which draws very little water, also follows, in case we should not be able to get on in our big boat, the water this year being lower than they think it has been for these last hundred years. All this shows how the Viceroy has spared no trouble and no expense to provide his royal visitors with everything, and with every luxury that could possibly contribute to their comfort and pleasure.

The Duke of Sutherland, with his party, follows

us in another steamer. In addition to those I have already mentioned as composing his party, his brother, Lord A. Gower, and Sir Henry Pelly arrived the evening before we left Cairo, and are taken by Colonel Stanton in his boat, the Duke's being already full.

I think we shall have a very happy and quiet time, for all the party seem likely to agree, and to be disposed to make the best of everything. The weather is still bitterly cold, only 10° Centigrade in my cabin!

At six o'clock stopped for the night, and some of the Duke's party joined us after dinner.

February 7.—Sunday—but not at all like Sunday to my mind, as we steamed on the same as any other day.

I cannot say I have been struck, so far, by the beauty of the scenery. On the contrary, the banks of the river are flat, ugly, and monotonous, of a light yellowish sand-colour, with here and there a few palm-trees and small villages, which, if you did not see some of the inhabitants standing outside, you would never believe to be the habitations of human beings. They consist of small square huts, made of earth, with nothing but a hole for the door, and numbers of earthen jars at the top, forming a sort of parapet, and accommodating innumerable pigeons.

The young pigeons are excellent to eat, and it was with horror that the poor inhabitants saw our sporting-party land for the purpose of practising with their guns at the old birds. I am happy to say this was the only time it was done. It was very cold—only 10° Centigrade in my cabin in the morning—and I was glad of my warm clothing. The Prince went on shore to shoot ducks, but found none. We arrived at Bene-souef at four o'clock.

February 8.—A very high wind, and such clouds of dust that one could at times hardly see the shore, and we never saw the sun or sky all the morning; it was just like a thick fog. Arrived at Aboo-girgeh at 4.45, and stopped for the night.

We landed here, and took a little walk. The wind had gone down; but it had left a most disagreeable effect, as the air was still full of sand flying about, filling one's eyes, and covering one's face with dust.

February 9.—The fog was so thick this morning that we could not start till nine o'clock, the hour at which we are in future usually to begin our day's voyage being between five or six in the morning; and then to go on, with occasional stoppages, till six in the evening. We now only went on for about an hour, as the Prince wanted to try and shoot some

ducks from a small punt with a large gun, which had been lent to him for the trip. At eleven, the Princess, and myself, with Prince Battenberg, Sir S. Baker, Mr. Brierley, and Dr. Minter, followed in another boat to look at the shooting. We saw perfect swarms of wild ducks, and hundreds of flamingoes, and a few pelicans. However, the ducks took fright, and only a few flamingoes were shot. We determined to land, as soon as we saw that we could no longer spoil the sport; but the water being low, we stuck fast in the sand about thirty or forty yards from the shore. The four boatmen at once took off their jackets, shoes, and trousers; but luckily some under-garments (waistcoats and trousers in one) remained; and in they jumped, and dragged the boat a few yards, beyond which their utmost efforts were unable to move it.

The alternative was now, either to remain in the boat or to allow ourselves to be carried through the water. Of course we chose the latter. Sir S. Baker and Mr. Brierley carried the Princess, crossing their arms, on which she sat. The native boatmen wished to persuade me to let them carry me in the same manner; but, in spite of their very amiable faces and gesticulations, I refused by my only Arabic word—la, la, (no, no),—fearing they would drop me in the water. Prince Battenberg and Dr. Minter

were carried on the backs of two of the boatmen, and there I remained quite deserted, till Mr. Brierley and Sir S. Baker came back and carried me on shore also. They had to pull up their trousers above the knee, as the water was about two feet deep. The heat on shore was intense. After an hour's walk we returned to our boat, being carried back by Sir Samuel and Mr. Montagu, and a most ridiculous sight, I imagine, it must have been! We went on again about two o'clock, and reached Minieh at 6 P.M.—170 miles from Cairo. Here we found the mail arrived, but I had no Swedish letters, which rather disappointed me.

February 10.—The Prince and gentlemen went out shooting. The Princess, myself, Abdel Kader Bey, Prince Battenberg, Mr. Brierley, and Dr. Minter, went about eleven to see the Viceroy's Palace: a fine house full of French gilding, mirrors, &c., and with a very pretty garden. We afterwards visited a large sugar-manufactory, where we saw how the sugar-canes were brought in, and, by several processes, made into the finest sugar. 2,000 camels and 1,400 people are employed here, and the yearly revenue is said to be about 140,000*l.*

We then went to pay a visit to the wife of one of the directors of the manufactory, which he agreed at once to our doing, provided none of our gentlemen

came in. So the Princess and I went in alone, and were most amiably received by his wife, a very ugly woman, painted up to her eyes, and dressed up in all sorts of finery, with jewels, &c., though she had no reason to expect any visitors! The room was full of women, friends of the hostess, all ugly, but, like herself, very smart, in silk dresses of the gaudiest colours, and covered with necklaces, earrings, bracelets, &c. They were very cheery,—talked, laughed, and made signs, all quite unintelligible to us. However, by the words, "Madame" and "Mademoiselle," which they used in an expressive manner to find out if we were married, we, in our turn, found out which of them were married and which were not. They offered us some coffee and rose-water to drink! The room was very small, but very clean. After half-an-hour's stay we left our friends, who patted us violently on the shoulders at parting, and made the usual gesture of this country, moving the hand, namely, from the chest to the forehead. The Princess was very much pleased with her visit, and afterwards sent some little presents to our new friends.

We then returned to our boat, and the Prince and the gentlemen being returned from shooting, we left Minieh at half-past three, arriving very late at Beni-hassan.

February 11.—Went over to the big boat, as usual, for breakfast; but the Princess and I returned to the dahabeah soon after it, and stayed there the whole day, having luncheon sent over to us. We played, wrote, and painted, and were most comfortable. We arrived at Siout at seven o'clock, when the Prince joined us from the big boat, to which we all went for dinner at 7.30, two or three of the Duke's party, as usual, dining with us.

The weather has now changed, and is, to my mind, perfection. A bright blue sky, the air light and bracing, the sun very hot; though no heat as yet to complain of. The moment the sun goes down, it gets dark at once; so much so, that I have seen the moon shining on the water before the last rays of the sun had quite disappeared; the air then gets suddenly cool. The mornings also are very fresh. These cool nights enable one, I think, to bear the heat of the sun during the day better.

As yet, I have not seen any of the plagues of Egypt, of which I had heard so much—fleas, bugs, flies, and musquitoes—none of these horrors have annoyed us since we came on board, and all our precautions against them, such as insect-powder, &c. have, as yet, been unnecessary; our special night-dresses have not even been unpacked, and we

are as clean and comfortable as in our own home.

February 12.—Breakfasted at 9.30, and started an hour later on a donkey expedition to visit the town of Siout, being joined by the whole party from the other steamers. The horses and donkeys from our barge were landed, quantities of donkeys were hired, and off we went.

At starting, we stopped to see a sort of game, called throwing the jereed—men on horseback throwing long sticks at each other, to avoid being touched by which they ride at the most fearful pace, hanging on at the same time by one leg almost under their horses. In fact, the chief reason or object of the game seems to be to show off their riding, which certainly is very good; and some of these Arab horses are by no means easy to ride, only that the saddles, which are made very differently from any European ones—namely, with a high wooden ridge in front and behind—make it, I should say, almost impossible to fall off. The stirrups, too, are very long and wide, made of copper, and the whole foot rests on them. The saddles are all of velvet, and the bridles are very smartly covered with silver and gold ornaments. The whole equipment must be very heavy for the poor horses, especially when you see

how the riders tear along, whatever the ground may be, through the deepest sand, or over the roughest ground full of sharp stones. We soon arrived at Siout, and visited the principal bazaars, bought some earthenware vases and different things, and then went to see an old mosque, and a school kept by two English missionaries, in which the children seemed very intelligent, and spoke very good English.

We trotted home and got on board at two o'clock. I was rather tired after my first donkey ride on a very rough beast, with a most uncomfortable saddle, as from some mistake no saddle had been brought for me, and I had to content myself with one of those of the country. The sun was hot, though there was a breeze.

At six o'clock we stopped for the night, and after dinner the whole party came over to our big boat, where all sat smoking in the same room till it was not very easy either to see or breathe. All seem to adapt themselves most readily to the custom of the country in smoking their pipe regularly after their coffee. The Viceroy amongst other things has sent on board about twenty long pipes with their magnificent mouth-pieces, and half-a-dozen pipe-cleaners on purpose to keep them in order.

February 13.—We started early, but stopped at

ten for breakfast, when the party from the other steamers joined us, and Mr. Fowler, a distinguished engineer, gave a lecture, and read a long description of the Suez Canal, where he had just been. At one o'clock we stopped at Soohag to coal, and started again in an hour.

The Princess and myself spent all the afternoon in our dahabeah, drawing and painting. We stopped for the night at Girgeh. Dined and spent the evening as usual.

February 14.—A most beautiful day, the first Sunday in Lent. The Prince read the service to us and the servants very impressively. Such fine warm weather; not a cloud to be seen! Arrived at Kench at 4.45 and stopped for the night.

February 15.—As soon as breakfast was over we started, about 10.30, on our donkeys, to see the ruins of Dendera, a ride of three miles in a very hot sun. The temple of Dendera is very fine, and about 1,800 years old,* much less ancient, therefore, than other temples in this country. Notwithstanding its grandeur, I cannot say it made the impression upon me which I

* I must say, once for all, that I don't profess to be accurate either in names or dates. I am not writing a history or description of the country. I simply put down what I was told, and as I understood it at the time.

expected, though, perhaps, I ought not to acknowledge this. The roof is formed of enormous slabs of stones, on which you still see the pattern of stars, &c. engraved; the walls being also covered with hieroglyphics. Got back to the steamer at two o'clock, very hot, but having enjoyed the morning very much.

We stopped for the night at a very pretty spot, where I landed and walked about by myself, full of admiration of the peace and beauty of the scene. Such fine palm-trees, and such fields of green wheat! I never saw anything equal to the bright green colour of the crops in this country; yet they never get a drop of rain for nine months of the year, but depend upon water pumped up from the Nile and led down through the fields in ditches dug for the purpose. We pass the pumps by which this is done every five minutes. They are worked by the natives in very light clothing, and make a strange mournful noise.

February 16.—Arrived at Thebes at eight o'clock, where we found a great many dahabeahs, which all began firing on our arrival. It was a very fine morning, and we had a beautiful view of the opposite hills, but the heat was intense—77° Fahr. in the shade.

After breakfast we went to see some curiosities at the house of Mustapha Aga, the English and American Consul. Here we had coffee and pipes,

and, at half-past eleven, mounted our donkeys to ride to Karnak.

On first arriving you come upon some Sphinxes, of which you can see there has been a whole avenue, though all are now more or less destroyed. At the end of this avenue you see a large wide arch, engraved all over with old Arabic inscriptions. Here we got off, and went first into the small temple and then into the large one. The former is said to have been consecrated to Konso, or the God of the Moon. The latter is certainly the grandest and most imposing sight I ever saw. The effect of the great hall, with its innumerable pillars, like towers in size and height, is, indeed, not to be described. It must be seen in order to form any idea of its grandeur. There are said to be 120 of these columns, the middle row being the largest. In addition to this, there are endless courts, or halls, with their high walls in ruin; colonnades, pylons, and also a couple of obelisks. They say this temple was built by Ramesis II., 1,300 years before Christ, or more than 3,000 years ago—contemporary with Moses!

One might be astonished that any work of man could last so long; but here, on the contrary, when you look at the size and dimensions of the building, you can hardly understand how it has been destroyed!

We had luncheon in the middle of the temple, or rather, just opposite the leaning column, so called, because it looks as if it was falling, though it rests on its neighbour, and may continue to do so for thousands of years to come, as it has probably done for thousands of years gone by.

We left Karnak at three, and returned to Luxor, a very curious town, or rather village, with the most miserable little earthen huts or houses, with broken windows, or no windows at all, and surrounded on all sides by ruins of old temples, and also by a large double row of colonnades. These miserable houses greatly spoil what would otherwise be a most imposing sight. Here is also the great obelisk, similar every way to the one in the Place de la Concorde.

We also went into the mosque, which is very ugly and shabby. Returned home at 5.30, very hot and very tired, but much pleased with our day's sight-seeing. There were fireworks at night from the shore, as well as from our own boats.

February 17.—Got up at six o'clock this morning, breakfasted at eight, and at nine went in our small steamer to the west side of Thebes, mounted our donkeys on the other side of the river, and started, a large cavalcade of fifty people, for a four miles' ride to the Tombs of Kings, said to date from the time of

Biban el Moluk. But I cannot say that this conveys much information to me, though I put it down as I was told. Who was Biban el Moluk?

The sun was very hot, but a nice fresh breeze made the day very pleasant. We saw a tomb, which we were told was that called the tomb of Bruce, from his having been the person to discover it; but I must repeat that I cannot answer for being correct as to these names, and still less as to those of Egyptian kings, &c., of whom I never before heard.

We next visited the tomb of Ramesis II., and several others. You enter these tombs through a small door cut in the rock, which takes you into a long passage, leading to several small chambers on each side, beyond which is one large room, where the sarcophagus of the king had been placed. That of Ramesis IV. was still there; but most of them had been long taken away. The walls and ceilings are all covered with hieroglyphics, some simply cut in the granite, others cut and then painted blue, red, and yellow, the colours being wonderfully preserved.

We had some torches to light up the large tomb of Ramesis IV., and swarms of bats then began to flutter round our heads—enormous ones. The Prince caught one of them.

Thence we went to the tomb called "Belzoni's tomb," from the fact of his having excavated and explored it. All I need say of it is, that the entrance is very difficult, the descent being very slippery. We returned again through the valley, saw another old temple, of the name of which I am not certain, crossed over in the steamer, and got home, as we may now call our dahabeah, by five o'clock. The English mail arrived.

February 18.—Again crossed the river at 9 A.M. in small boats. Rode to Dayr el Bachree (the ruins of "the Convent of the North"), and saw a great many open tombs, containing mummies. Rode from them to Ramesis II.'s temple and the Memnonium. One cannot understand how such blocks could ever have been transported, especially the stupendous statue of one of the kings, which, I was told, had never been erected,* but merely thrown down on the ground, where it had remained ever since. The size is not to be described. It is also quite incomprehensible how they have been able to destroy parts of it, as in these times powder did not exist. It is the largest in Egypt, and people getting up on it looked like small spots. They say it weighs 887 tons. It is composed of red granite,

* I have since been told that this is incorrect.

is ninety feet high, and is said to be the statue of Ramesis II.

We then rode to the ruins of the temples of Medenet Abou, first visiting the small temple founded by Amenophis, who raised the great Karnak obelisk. On arriving at the great temple, we had luncheon in the big court, 130 feet square. It is extremely fine, with columns all round. At 4.30 we mounted again, and rode to the hill to visit the Tombs of the Queens. This I did not at all like. We saw on all sides remnants or pieces of human bodies—a head here, a foot there, and so on—all wrapped up in linen, quite brown and disgusting,—some whole skeletons also! I thought the sight both nasty and repulsive. The smell also was quite fearful.

From this we rode down to the plain to see the two colossal statues which, seated here in the middle of the green field, have a most striking appearance. They are immense: fifty-three feet high; said to have been raised by Amenophis, 1,600 years B. C. They form, certainly, one of the most curious sights we have seen here.

Rode home slowly before most of the party, in order to avoid the dust. I was so stiff after this long day's ride on a very rough donkey, that I got off, about twenty minutes before we came to the boats,

and walked through the deep sand. The Egyptian saddles are certainly most uncomfortable. Got home at 5.30 and wrote some letters.

Dined at seven, and after dinner the Princess and I again changed our dresses, and put on the not very graceful, but very comfortable and sensible costumes, made of flannel, which we always wear upon these riding expeditions. We started at nine o'clock to see the Temple of Karnak by moonlight. We had little light, however, on the way there, except from the lamps that were carried with us, for when we set off the moon was still very low. We were about fifty in all, besides a great number of natives, most of whom were on horses and donkeys. Arrived at the beginning of the ruins, we stopped, and got off our donkeys, and walked up the avenue of Sphinxes to the big temple. The moon had now risen higher and shone brightly, and I never saw anything so grand and so beautiful as the appearance of these enormous columns, partly lit up by its light. When we got close to the temple, an electric light was lit between each column, and in the background there was a display of rockets, and fireworks forming stars of different colours. Anything so fine or so beautiful, with the obelisk in the centre, I can hardly conceive. It was like what one reads of in the *Thousand and One Nights*, more than anything

else. These fireworks had been arranged by the Prince as a surprise for the Princess, though I am afraid the secret had been let out by mistake, and she rather expected to see something of the kind. The light sandstone colour of the columns showed, too, to great advantage by this light, and contrasted beautifully with the dark starlit sky.

Indeed, the whole scene was one of surprising beauty, and made a very deep impression on me. One did feel so small, so thoroughly nothing, in the midst of this magnificent combination of the works of God and man! It would, indeed, require days and days to take it all in. I walked about alone with the Princess amid this forest, one may say, of gigantic columns, and wherever we came there was some new scene to admire! The natives, in their pretty dresses, had grouped themselves here and there in the most picturesque way, smoking their pipes, and gazing with astonished admiration at everything that was going on. I also walked outside the temple, and, perhaps, the effect of the temple only lit up by the moon was the most striking sight of all. The columns looked as if they almost touched the sky. One could not help forgetting the present, and thinking of it all as it was 3,000 years ago. There was the work still before us as perfect as ever, and

yet it is not even known by whom it was erected! I could have stood and looked at it all for ever so long; but after having seen the leaning column lit up, we were effectually awoke from our dreams of old time, by a glass of iced champagne, &c. (the ice made by a machine, while we were there, by our English servants!), and took our departure at twelve o'clock.

The start was a real scramble, and so was the beginning of the ride home. The light from the moon was very feeble, the crowd was very large; there was no order, but everybody rushed about, and screamed. Luckily some of the party took care of me, and led my donkey part of the way, or, I fancy, I should have come to grief. A horse got loose, and came right against me, while I was quite surrounded by donkeys and horses on all sides, and could not move right or left. The dust, too, was horrible, and having dropped rather too far behind, we were in the middle of the crowd of animals, stifled with the dust, and could only see the torches and lamps (which surrounded the Prince and Princess, who headed the *cortège*) at a great distance before us. So we decided to keep back still more, when one of the gentlemen rode up and asked me if it would amuse me to ride home on a dromedary. He had just seen one in the

crowd, which had brought the mail. Mourad Pasha, who heard of this, said it was impossible; but I disregarded all his objections, which seemed weak compared to my great wish to get on. So, though they said I had better not if I was the least nervous, I stopped and got off my donkey. We got hold of the dromedary, and a man with a feeble lamp. Colonel Marshall got on once first to show me how to hold on while the beast gets up, which is really the only difficulty. He is made to kneel down with all four legs. You then get on, and the moment he feels the weight on his back he gets up, by first raising one joint of his hind legs, with a tremendous jerk, which, of course, throws you violently forward; and hardly have you had time to hold on in this position, than you are as violently thrown back, while he gets up on his forelegs; and then comes another bump, while he quite raises his hind legs. It is almost like three electric shocks, but all done in a second. There was no saddle and no stirrups, and I had nothing but small bits of wood behind and in front, between which a straw cushion was tied, on which I sat. However, I held on beautifully, and enjoyed my three miles' ride home immensely. I had a gentleman riding on each side of me, so I felt there was some rescue at hand should I slip off. The road was very uneven

and bad, but the dromedary walked through it all as steadily as possible. The motion was something like that of a boat rolling about in the water, and you swing about a good deal, which makes you feel very unsafe, without saddle or stirrups. Being now well behind the crowd, we avoided the dust, and got home just as the remainder of the party, having dismounted, were still assembled, and stood there much astonished to see me sailing home on my high charger. On getting off, you have to undergo the same three shocks as on mounting; the dromedary kneels down again, doubling up his legs joint after joint, and off you go.

We only got back to our dahabeah at 1.30, and it was past two o'clock when I got to bed, very tired, after having been riding and walking about, more or less, since six in the morning, when I got up. I slept badly, and got up at nine.

February 19.—Left Thebes at 6 A.M. Breakfasted very late, and stopped at Esné for coaling at twelve o'clock. Started again at one o'clock, and arrived at Edfou at 5.45. The Princess and I landed, and looked at some very stupid sword-dancing, which was accompanied by a man screaming as loud as he could. Wrote some letters for the mail, having received some from Sweden the morning before—the

first since we left Cairo. Thank God! all well at home.

February 20.—Breakfasted at nine, and at ten we rode off to the temple of Edfou; about a quarter of an hour from the river. This temple is certainly better preserved than any other we have seen, and is very fine. There is a large courtyard, with handsome columns, beautifully carved, and numerous small and large chambers, the granite walls of which are also richly carved. The difference between the figures in this temple and the hieroglyphics we had already seen, is that these are cut in relief from the stone, the cutting of some being still beautifully preserved; while at Thebes they are all cut deep into the stone. We rode home again to our boat, after having had coffee and pipes in the large courtyard, and soon after resumed our voyage.

After staying quietly on board our dahabeah for an hour, we went for luncheon to the big boat, where we remained, expecting to arrive at Silsileh soon after four; but about that time we stuck fast on the ground, as did all the other steamers. After much struggling, without the least success, we had to land, in order to lighten the boat, when all the luggage was taken out, the boiler emptied, and so on. It was very amusing to see our kind Captain, Achmet Bey, during

these difficulties. He got so excited and so miserable, that one could hardly believe that his very stern, and even fierce face could be the same as the one you generally saw, always smiling and laughing. He is quite a character, and a great favourite with us all. He speaks very good English, though rather in his own style; his usual reply when pressed to answer as to the hour we are to arrive at such or such a place being, "I not say, but please God," or else only "please God." He is a most hard-working man, up at six every day, and never off the bridge till late at night, and he worked as hard as his crew whenever we had to labour, as we had to-day, to extricate the steamer from a sandbank. While this was going on we all walked on the sand for more than an hour and a half. Most of the Duke's party joined us. At half-past six we re-embarked in our dahabeah, as they had at last succeeded in getting the big steamer off the bank by means of the small steamer, which dragged it off.

While we were here struggling to get off, two poor men who had just landed, I fancy to get a view of what was going on, found all of a sudden that their large sailing boat, which they had not sufficiently drawn up on shore, had got loose, and was drifting down the river. They were just going to throw themselves into the water to swim after the boat,

when Colonel Marshall and Mr. Montagu jumped into a small boat, and started off to bring back the drifting barge. The men seemed much pleased, but their way of expressing their pleasure seemed rather odd, when, instead of thanking the gentlemen for their trouble, they put out their hands, and, with the usual word "Backsheesh," actually tried to make some money out of it.

At seven we went in the small towing steamer to the Duke's steamer, where the Prince, Princess, and myself dined. All the rest of the party dined on board Colonel Stanton's steamer, with Mourad Pasha, etc. It was blowing hard, notwithstanding which we dined on deck, and though I had no jacket or hat on—only a light alpaca dress—I did not feel at all cold. This certainly is the first time such a thing has happened to me in February. It was a pleasant dinner, but with too much to eat (sixteen dishes). The Duke has got everything as magnificently and comfortably arranged in his boat as we have in ours.

Returned to our dahabeah at 11.30. Just a fortnight to-day since we left Cairo.

February 21.—Only awoke at 6.30, and feeling we were going at full speed, I knew we had got safely over our difficulties with the sandbanks. The

day was fine, but the thermometer only 56° Fahr. at seven o'clock. The Prince read the service. Arrived at Assouan at twelve o'clock. We here found at least 100 camels, which had been sent from Cairo to meet us, to carry our things across from the First Cataract to Philae. There were also many natives on horseback, and a great number of these Nubians, who looked very much like savages, grouped on the bank just in front of our boats, some of them dancing and singing; and, altogether, it was a very curious and interesting sight. We landed to look at these poor people, and were sorry that we had no language in which to say a kind word to them.

It was fearfully hot in the middle of the day, notwithstanding which we got ready after luncheon to ride to Philae, to see the boats in which we are to go to the Second Cataract. Most of the party were tempted by the novelty, to ride dromedaries; but having had one ride on these beasts, I was less eager for a seven miles' ride on one of them, in spite of their being gorgeously equipped in very smart velvet saddles with silver ornaments. Donkeys there were none to be had, and so I had nothing for it but to mount a horse. I chose the one with the best-looking saddle among the lot of these wretched and wild beasts that stood there for hire. There was no way

to get on but to be lifted up, as these saddles are quite different from European ones. They are merely formed by two boards sticking up before and behind, and between these I contrived to ensconce myself, not very comfortably, with my feet in two large iron stirrups like square iron plates. There was no bridle round the head of the horse, the bit being simply fastened by a rope round the ears; and then a bit of rope and a bit of leather were tied and knotted together by way of a bridle. How I had courage to get on I hardly know, especially as everybody told me these horses were not always safe, but sometimes very wild. Off we went, however, and I had a very successful ride of seven miles. Two of the gentlemen were mounted on horses of the same description, but they had bridles. The heat was awful, 109° Fahr., and riding through the desert was broiling.

Philae is itself a very pretty spot. We got off to look at our new dahabeah, which is to take us up to the Second Cataract, and had been sent up here many months ago, while the Nile was high. I fear we shall be rather crowded in our new home. Rode back again in the same way. I got on last to avoid the dust, and thus a great portion of the party got out of sight, and took another way to go by boat from Philae, which we who were behind had not heard

of, so we returned by the same road. It was a most heavenly night, bright moon, with stars, and the air quite delicious after the sun had gone down. Yet the road was difficult to find, as there was nothing to mark it, everything having the same yellowish colour. My horse behaved very well, and the secret of my managing him so well was, I suppose, my not daring to hold the bridle hard, for fear of the small rope, with all its knots, breaking in two, when, doubtless, the horse and I would never have been seen again. We rode pretty fast home, and I enjoyed my ride very much, and was delighted that everybody had at starting thought of themselves, and not of me, and thus taken away all the dromedaries and donkeys. Lord Carington, Sir H. Pelly, Colonel Teesdale, Colonel Marshall, and Lord Stafford belonged to the party I was with, and we got back to Assouan by seven o'clock, and found the first division of the party not yet arrived. The steamers and boats were all illuminated, and also on shore, near the landing-place, a great many lamps were hung up. Got to bed at 11.30, rather tired.

It was the last night, for the present, we were to pass in our comfortable dahabeah.

CHAPTER IV.

BETWEEN THE CATARACTS.

February 22.—We were up early this morning, and busy packing and preparing for our expedition to the Second Cataract. At one o'clock we bid good-by, for a time, to our old dahabeah, and embarked —the Princess, myself, the Duke of Sutherland, and other gentlemen—in a boat, with the purpose of pulling to the foot of the First Cataract, where the Prince of Wales was to meet us. He had started earlier, in order to pay a visit to Lady Duff Gordon, who was living in her dahabeah a little above Assouan. The day was fearfully hot, not a breath of wind, so the men had to row all the way, and this, with our loaded boat, was slow and heavy work. Sometimes the men got out and towed us along from the bank. We were perfectly broiled with the burning sun and close packing; and, what was worse, our excellent Captain

did not seem to know the least where he was to go, nor had any one the slightest idea where we should find our donkeys, which had been sent forward to wait for us.

We stopped twice, and landed once; but there was nothing to be seen of the Prince or any one. After pulling in this manner for two hours, we came at last to where the road leads off to Philae, and on getting out of the boat found, to our delight, two boys with two wretched donkeys, without bridles, and only one of them with anything like a saddle, and that a miserable sort of wooden affair. The other had nothing but a cushion tied on. In spite of all this, we mounted these animals in the best way we could, the Princess on the one with the cushion, and I on that with the wooden saddle. Such as they were, we were really grateful for them, as the heat was now quite unbearable (I should say not less than 120° Fahr.), and the prospect of a long walk through the deep burning sand was not tempting. I found it rather difficult at first to keep my seat on the donkey, as there was nothing to hold on by, and it was, consequently, a mere question of balance. But one of the gentlemen walked by me ready to help me in case of need. The wooden saddle, too, was so uncomfortable that, at last, I had it taken off,

and rode on the bare back. My great difficulty was that my legs hung down so low as almost to touch the ground, in clambering up some rough and narrow places, where the path was full of stones. The Princess got on beautifully, and I think we both enjoyed our day's adventure.

We had ridden thus for near three miles, when at last our own donkeys met us. They had been looking for us everywhere. We immediately got upon them and rode down to the Cataract, where we found the Prince and the rest of the party, who had been anxiously waiting for us.

We here saw a number of black natives, like so many savages, who threw themselves into the river, and swam down the rapids in the most marvellous manner, steering themselves very cleverly between the rocks; some of them sitting on small bits of wood, and looking as much at home as if they had been quietly riding on shore. They all landed close to us, and rushed upon us to get "Baksheesh." However, they had first to do it over again, and then they got a handful of silver to divide amongst them. This was the moment to see the savage type display itself in full force. The shouting and screaming that the sight of these wretched coins in one of the men's hands produced, cannot be described.

Still, there was no fighting, they only seemed to use very bad language in very high voices, and a single motion of a stick was enough to cow and quiet these poor good-humoured Arabs.

It is really very striking in this country to see how crowds of people, however great the excitement may be amongst them, fly off and disperse the instant a man who considers himself to have the right to any authority appears, and gives but one threatening sign with a stick or cane; and you never hear a single groan or murmur! After having run off a few yards, they stop, turn round and grin, showing their beautiful teeth, and only return this unjust treatment with a most good-natured smile! Altogether, the people strike me as a most good-natured and good-humoured race; nor can one feel the least alarmed on finding oneself in the midst of a crowd of these natives; on the contrary, one only regrets not to be able to talk to them, they all look so pleased, kind, and simple-hearted!*

* Some, to whom I have read this, tell me that all this only proves how intense the feeling of fear must be that exists here, and that were the reign of terror by which alone these poor wretches are kept in subjection, removed, I should soon change my opinion of them. But I should be sorry to believe that they are not the gentle simple-hearted beings they appear.

But I have got out of my day's history, and must return to where I left the poor naked savages running up behind the rock to divide their money.

We now got on our donkeys again, and rode on to the Temple of Philæ, where it had been the original intention to have luncheon at two o'clock. We crossed in boats, and had a very rough bit of walk to get up before we reached the end of our day's work. But it was now half-past five, instead of two o'clock, I had had next to no breakfast, and felt now so tired, that I could hardly walk from the boat up to the temple. I was quite exhausted; what with the early rising and packing, the baking sun, the hot ride and walk through the hot sand, it had been almost too much for me. I sat down, but could not eat, only had something to drink. After half an hour's rest, we moved on, in order to see the temple, but it was almost too late, and nearly dark, so we soon went down again to the boats, and rowed home to our new dahabeah. It was a lovely night, and bright moonlight; and it was a real repose to both body and mind thus to glide gently on in the boat; but what rather spoilt the peaceful sensation, to my mind, was the so very disagreeable singing, or rather mournful yelling, of the boatmen. They can never row, or, indeed, do any kind of work, without accompanying

themselves with a monotonous ugly tune; to my ears painfully unmelodious.

I dressed, and, in spite of kind advice to go to bed instead, I went to dinner, which had been laid out in some tents, pitched before we arrived on the edge of the bank. The Duke of Sutherland gave us the dinner, after which there was coffee and chibouques in another tent. It was a lovely cool night, yet we were all tired, and glad to get early to bed. The Duke, with his son and brother, and Mr. Russell, slept in a tent; the others returned to Assouan.

February 23.—Slept very badly, not more, I am sure, than three hours. The fatiguing day and hot sun of yesterday, and the fourteen miles' ride the day before, had been a little too much for me, and I was too tired to sleep. Got up and went on shore early. A fine morning though very hot. Breakfasted at ten, though I did so only nominally, as I could not touch anything. At 11.30 the Princess and some of the party went in a boat to see the Temple of Philae from the water, but did not land. I remained quietly on the bank all the morning. At two o'clock the Duke and all his party (most of which had come over from Assouan in the morning,) left us, and I am very sorry, as they were all very nice and pleasant. They go straight back to Cairo and return to England, except

two of the gentlemen who have been invited by Colonel Stanton to remain with him while he stays at Thebes to superintend some excavations and diggings for the Prince.

We left Philae at three o'clock in our new boats, consisting of two dahabeahs tied together and towed by a small steamer. In some respects it is not an agreeable change, as there is very little room, and my cabin is rather too small for comfort. We only went about ten miles to-day before we stopped, as the Prince hoped there might be a chance of seeing a crocodile, but they were disappointed in their hopes, and only got a couple of birds. The Princess, myself, Mourad Pasha, and Dr. Minter landed at five o'clock and took a little walk. It was a very pretty spot, and we walked through a few corn-fields, the corn being here already in ear—wheat and barley—and never did I see such corn, so thick and so magnificent, and such a beautiful deep green colour; the smell was quite refreshing. The way it is watered is by means of pumps, by which the water from the Nile is thrown into large ditches or channels dug in the midst of the fields, and led in all directions, and in which the water stands more than a foot deep. We saw a few natives walking about, and a swarm of little naked children. I counted

twelve of them, from five to ten years old, perfectly naked; but being nearly black, one is not shocked at this any more than one would be at seeing white children with a brown tricot over them, for this is, in fact, the effect produced; nor, on their part, do they seem to know what the word shyness means in any degree whatever; as no sooner do they get sight of us, than they rush upon one and begin to stare, and ask for "Backsheesh;" which the Princess is always only too happy to distribute. We also here found a donkey running about, which was at once caught, and the Princess rode on it through the fields in the cleverest way, without saddle or bridle. I do not think they speak pure Arabic here, at least it struck me that Mourad Pasha did not make himself quite understood. Went to bed very early. We have had a very hot day; 98° Fahr. in the shade, and still 75° at 9 o'clock.

February 24.—Had a good night's rest and got up at seven. The Prince had already started at six o'clock to look for crocodiles, having seen the tracks of two yesterday. They found none, however, and again only shot a couple of birds, and also got twenty large fishes caught in a net. To bed early,—always sleep with the windows open here.

February 25.—I got up early. The Princess and

I drew and painted all the morning. There was a nice fresh breeze, though the thermometer was at 90°

At three o'clock we stopped, Major Teesdale having seen a crocodile through his glass, on some rocks, which caused great excitement. The Prince and Sir S. Baker went in a boat, and landed a long way off, in the hope of being able to stalk him; but in spite of the caution with which they advanced, they had not got more than half way when the beast took the alarm, jumped into the water, and disappeared. It seemed enormous, and they guessed it to be from fourteen to sixteen feet long.

The mail arrived from England, but I got only one letter from my mother, of the 3rd. The sporting gentlemen all set off after dinner at 11.30, in the hope of shooting hyenas, some of which had been heard of near where we are; but they returned at 3 A.M. without having had a shot.

February 26.—Went on all day. Wrote a letter home for the mail which goes to-day. The scenery is now very fine and wild, and to my mind much prettier above the First Cataract than below it. The hills or rocks are very high, and there is a greater variety of trees, though they still consist mostly of palms and sycamores. We have hitherto been very fortunate in having had a high breeze from the north,

which has made the air quite cool, and has also delivered us from the only plague I have hitherto found in Egypt, namely, the flies. The first two days from Assouan they bothered us much, but since that we have had none to speak of, and I have taken down my musquito-net. My cabin being very small and low, I could not, when the door was shut, stand up straight while the net was there. I have scarcely two feet to spare between the bed and the door. However, it is wonderful how soon one gets reconciled to these little miseries, and now I begin to feel quite happy and contented with my small lot, and I enjoy this quiet life immensely.

We arrived in the most beautiful moonlight at Korosko at 6.30 P. M. This is half way from Philae to Wady Halfah, near which is the Second Cataract, and where our voyage up the Nile is to end. From Korosko, in order to cut off a great bend in the Nile, a road leads across the desert to Abou Hamed, where it rejoins the river, and goes on towards Shendy and Sennaar, &c.; the ivory, ostrich-feathers, gums, &c., which are brought thence in caravans from the interior of Africa, being shipped here for Cairo and Alexandria. After dinner, the Prince and some of the gentlemen went again to try their luck after hyenas, but again got nothing.

The Princess, myself, Mourad Pásha, and some of the gentlemen went on shore at 9.30 in the most beautiful moonlight. Found many tents here, made of long sticks fastened in the ground, with a kind of straw matting spread over them, which hung down very low on all sides. These tents were filled with the people belonging to the caravans above mentioned, who were encamped here, having their goods piled up before their tents. The whole scene was very Eastern, and very interesting. To the right there was one of those hills of bright yellow sand, which, shone upon by the bright moon, looked like gold, with a few palms scattered here and there. The other side had the most complete look of desert, but it was enlivened for the moment by three or four groups of dromedaries (ours) which had been sent on from Philae, and had, wonderful to say, arrived at the same time as ourselves. It was a curious sight, the camels all lying down with their legs tied, to prevent their getting up; the men, for the most part dead tired, stretched on the ground in picturesque groups, with the straw of their pack-saddles for pillows, and covered with their cloaks; one man keeping watch at each group, while in some of the tents the men were deeply engaged at drafts or dominoes. I could not help thinking how strange it was, to be walking

about in the midst of these, so to say, half-savage people, yet without the slightest sensation of fear, and perfectly free from danger. It had been a fine fresh day, a strong north wind blowing, and the thermometer at twelve o'clock only gave 75° Fahr. A large fish was caught this day by Hadji Ali (Colonel Stanton's cavass). He was the Prince's dragoman when last in Egypt in 1862, and has now come up with us all the way. He put out a line and caught a fish seventy pounds' weight. It was five feet long, and twenty-nine inches round the head, but very ugly to look at, and very nasty to eat they told me, as I have never but once had courage to taste the Nile fish myself, and then I thought it very nasty. Nor have I once touched butter or cream since I left Cairo, it being all made from goat or buffalo milk. In other respects the cooking, and all we get to eat, is perfection, and all done on a really magnificent scale, at the expense of the Viceroy. The mail left for Cairo.

February 27.—Left Korosko at 5.30 A.M., and passed Dere, the early capital of Nubia, at 10.30. Having again seen some crocodiles, the Prince and most of the party went on shore, in the hope of being able to stalk them. But, in spite of their patience in remaining for several hours lying in holes cut in the

hot sand, they did not succeed in getting near them. The Princess and I joined the rest of the party at 3.30, and walked about on the bank opposite, picking up some pretty pebbles and agates. We only continued our journey for another hour to-day, as we never can get the Captain to go on after the sun goes down, even though there is a bright moonlight. "Me rather cut my throat," was one of his constant answers, when pressed to do so.

February 28.—Again, I am happy to say, we have a very nice fresh day, and, for the first time since we have been in Egypt, even cloudy. Odd as it may appear, I must confess that I delight in it as a most refreshing change, which shows how one can get tired even of everlasting sun.

We had been told that the heat above Philae would not be bearable, and, certainly, starting with 98° on the 23rd, I really dreaded the prospect of what we should have to undergo; but, so far from these fears being verified, the weather has hitherto been quite cool and most delightful. The climate of Egypt certainly suits us all, and no wonder, for it is really most enjoyable. Indeed, the purity and lightness of the air is, to my mind, one of the great charms of this country. Then the transparent and ever-changing lights, particularly at night, when the

sun goes down, are beyond description beautiful, and you never get tired of watching them. By moonlight, too, owing to the lightness of the atmosphere, you can see further and more distinctly than you can anywhere else. In short, I think the climate, as far as I have yet experienced it, simply perfection.

At three o'clock this day we came in sight of five crocodiles, and the Prince and Sir S. Baker at once landed to try and stalk them. Four of them, one after another, disappeared in the water. One, however, was left, and this the Prince fortunately got a shot at, and killed at fifty yards' distance with his first barrel. We had seen the whole thing from our dahabeah, and the excitement when we saw that the crocodile was killed was tremendous, and there was no end to the screams of joy and cheers that came from the boats. The whole party, headed by the Princess, now rushed off in small boats to have a sight of the beast. It certainly was not pretty to look at. It was nine feet long, and four feet round the body. It was at once brought on board the dahabeah, and there was again hearty cheering from all the servants and men on board when the Prince returned, and they got sight of the crocodile.

The Prince himself, and everybody else, had been so anxious that he should kill one that, during the

last few days, the banks of the river had been eagerly examined by every one, and whenever the word "Crocodile in sight" was called out, there was intense excitement, and our boats were at once stopped. However, the Prince had seldom even time to land before they had again disappeared in the water, which they did the moment they saw the boats approaching. It is this extreme shyness of the crocodile which makes this sport so very difficult. We heard that, just before our arrival, two Englishmen had been in vain watching for crocodiles for the last five weeks, going out day after day, but never getting even a chance of killing one. This will explain the rejoicing of our party over the Prince's success, which certainly he deserved; for his eagerness after the sport, and the patience with which he lay for hours waiting for a chance, and generally in vain, is not to be described. The sport over, we got under weigh again at 4.45. The crocodile was at once skinned, and the skin, as well as the head, is to be taken home. When the crocodile was opened, a quantity of pebbles were found in it, of which two bottles full were brought away.

We arrived at Aboo Simbel at 6.30, and, after dinner, went to see the great temple illuminated. However, it did not quite answer, as, this temple

being covered at top (the one at Karnak is open), the smoke from the electric lights, as well as the heat, made it quite impossible to bear it more than a few seconds, there being no ventilation whatever, except from one small door.

March 1.—Breakfasted at nine o'clock, and started at 10.30 to see the temples, which are quite close by, —only a steep bank to get up. The exterior and entrance are decorated with carvings in high relief; the colossal figures of the kings being considered the most beautiful and remarkable of any in Egypt. They all—three in number—represent Ramesis II. Their height is sixty-six feet, and the expression of the faces wonderfully good; they are cut in high relief from the rock itself. The interior excavation extends into the rock for 200 feet; and very hot it was inside. The temple is dedicated to Re (the Sun), and in a niche over the entrance is a statue in relief representing that deity. The Princess also went into the small temple. The carving inside the big one was different from what we had seen in other temples. The figures were larger, and in greater variety; amongst them a chariot and horses in the midst of a battle.

We are now forty miles from Wady Halfah, and 166 miles from the First Cataract.

Left Aboo Simbel at twelve o'clock, stopping on the way in hopes of getting a shot at some large crocodiles, so that it was too late to reach Wady Halfah to-day. As usual, the hope of a crocodile was disappointed.

Stopped at 6.30 for the night at a small village. The weather not very hot—rather cloudy.

March 2.—Arrived at Wady Halfah at 10.15 A.M., and, about twelve o'clock, started on donkeys, camels, and dromedaries (as we thought) for the Second Cataract. It was a very hot day; and a very hot, dusty, and dreary ride we had through the desert. We had been told it was four and a half miles off; but at last, after we had ridden, as we guessed, about eight miles, seeing that we had been quite deceived in our information as to the distance, and being told that we had not yet come half way, we stopped, and settled to lunch where we were. I confess I was very glad to get off my uncomfortable saddle. The natives here never have the smallest idea of time or distance, nor does the former seem of any value to them. You can therefore never trust to their information as to how far you are from a place, nor the time it will take to go there, as you are sure to be deceived.

We now settled down under a high cliff, and

began our luncheon, which, as well as all the English servants, had followed us on some dromedaries. Sitting down in the hot sand, which blew in our eyes and into our plates, was not very agreeable; still, considering that we were now in the great Nubian Desert, we were, comparatively, very luxuriously off. This, however, has been the case all through our trip in Egypt, chiefly, I must say, thanks to all our English servants, who have shown the greatest anxiety and zeal to make everybody and everything comfortable—never minding their own convenience or how hard they had to work.

We rested here till 4.30, and then set off on our return towards our boats. On the road we passed a funeral, which was a very curious sight. There was a long procession: first, a number of men; then came the corpse, wrapped up in white linen, and then a number of women. (They had passed us thus at a distance, while we were at luncheon.) We now came upon them at the burial-place, where they were engaged in digging a hole, whilst the corpse was laid down, or rather, supported by some of the women, who were grouped together, sitting in the attitude usual here. One or two of them (the mother or sister,) had their heads under the sheet that covered the corpse! Their costume was a blue linen gown,

or rather shirt, with long wide sleeves; their hair, full of grease, or rather castor-oil, which they all use in great profusion, was arranged in long corkscrews, just like a black worsted fringe, all round the head, only cut shorter over the forehead, and looped. None were veiled. A good many of them had thrown ashes and sand over their heads, I suppose as a token of sorrow and grief, but otherwise there did not seem to be much of that, as they talked and laughed the whole time, staring at Mourad Pasha and myself, who had remained behind to see the ceremony. The grave being ready, a prayer was said by one of the men; the corpse laid in; another prayer said; and all was over. The custom here is to return to the grave each Friday for forty days, and to fill a small bowl of wood or earth with water, and place it on the grave, for wild beasts and birds passing the spot, to drink from. In Lower Egypt the customs are different. The belief there is that the spirit, or soul of the deceased, comes back three times in the year, on particular days, when all relations and friends are expected to go to the grave and there distribute offerings to the poor, who then come there to receive them. Everybody brings some dish or other, or clothes, money being of less use to the poor here.

They seem generally in this country very particular in showing some outward sign of mourning: for I was told that whenever one of their family dies, or even one of their cows (!) they put on mourning; but as they wear no clothes, this consists simply in tying a cord across their breast.

Our ride home was very pleasant, but my stopping behind with Mourad Pasha to see the funeral, made us rather late. However, we soon overtook Prince Battenberg and Mr. Brierley, but before coming to the boats it was quite dark, and we were very glad of some lamps which were luckily sent to meet us. We were hot, tired, and dusty, but had enjoyed our day, though we had seen nothing but a part of the desert.

March 3.—Awoke quite fresh, and rested after a good sleep. This is, indeed, the case every day here. I hardly ever feel tired; I sleep better than I ever did before; and I can hardly remember that I ever felt so strong and so thoroughly well as I have done during this month in Egypt. It is certainly a most healthy and pleasant life, and one I should recommend to everybody who longs for physical and moral rest. For the first few days you feel quite lost without any post or papers; but after that I must confess (horrible as it sounds), that the feeling that no means exist of

either receiving or sending letters, becomes delightful. You live, so to say, in another world!

We breakfasted at nine, and started at ten in small boats to cross the river, as we were now informed that it was from the west bank we had to start to see the Second Cataract. Arrived at a large sycamore-tree, we landed and got on our donkeys, camels, &c., and after a ride of about eight miles, arrived at a high cliff, which we ascended, and from thence saw a very pretty wild scene. The river here rushes down in a very picturesque manner between rocks, but, the water being very low this year, the rapids were not very high, and not to be compared to many of the beautiful waterfalls I have seen in Sweden and Scotland. The view, however, was very extensive and very wild; and, as usual, the lights and colouring of the whole country before us, struck me more than anything else. We then went a little further, to where some large tents had been pitched just above the cataract; and the cooks having also been sent on early in the day, we found an excellent dinner waiting for us, and being quite ready for it, after our early rising and long ride, we certainly did justice to it. Mourad Pasha had taken in hand the arrangements of the day, and wished us to have a real Turkish dinner. Two whole roasted lambs were brought in,

but, much to his disgust, he only succeeded in making us sit down on the ground in the Turkish fashion, with our legs crossed, but could not persuade us to eat in their fashion, tearing off bits with our fingers. We had also some other excellent Arabian dishes, pilau or pilaf, a kind of rice dish, very good. Coffee and smoking followed as usual, and we then enjoyed the view, and the nice breeze, till at last we were told it was time to go home. I felt very sorry to leave this place, after a most pleasant and successful picnic; but I also felt that we were now at the turning-point of our travels; that we had reached their furthest limit, and that this was actually the beginning of our return journey home, which we can never expect to find so pleasant and enjoyable as this has been. As soon as we arrive in Cairo the duties of the great world, with all its fuss and bustle, must again begin; and as we get further and further into Europe, this sort of life will only go on crescendo, and I often ask myself when shall I ever lead such a peaceful life again? I felt this not only for myself, but perhaps more strongly still for the Princess, who, like me, has enjoyed it all immensely. However, it was no use grumbling to oneself, and so I got on a nice dromedary, and with the rest of the party, proceeded homewards.

The Prince and some of the gentlemen went by boat. The Princess rode my donkey, and I felt as comfortable on my high beast as if I had been on a horse. In choosing a dromedary, the great thing is to select a small and thin one, and then, at a short trot, they are really very comfortable, and very easy to manage. We again crossed in boats, and arrived at Wady Halfah at 6.30. Dined at eight o'clock, and had done quite enough to be ready for our beds at ten. No heat to-day to complain of; indeed since we left the First Cataract on our way up, the breeze has been mostly from the North, and the sky rather cloudy, which has made the temperature quite comfortable.

March 4.—Left Wady Halfah early—passed Aboo Simbel at twelve. Left the steamer there, and allowed our dahabeah merely to float down the stream for a few hours, in hopes of not disturbing crocodiles. We saw a great many, and the Prince and Sir S. Baker tried to stalk them, but got none. Stopped for the night at a place where we had seen many crocodiles on our way up.

I forgot to say that yesterday, while at dinner at Wady Halfah, a little boy was watching the torches which are always stuck in the ground on shore, wherever we stop at night. The Prince and Princess took

a fancy to him, and as, on being questioned, he said his father was dead, his mother re-married near Cairo, and that he had not a friend in the world, he was taken on board, and seemed delighted at the thought of going with us. He was asked if he did not want to tell somebody that he was leaving this place, but he said he had nobody he cared to see, and will thus go with us to England, as a pipe-cleaner. The only property he had in the world was the white linen shirt tied round his waist, and a small white cap which he had on. He is an intelligent, ugly little boy, not very black, but rather bronze-colour, and with a large silver ring stuck in one ear.

Whenever we stop, numbers of natives, mostly children, come down to the bank to look at us. The Princess used to throw them bread and oranges; but they seemed to value still more empty bottles, which the Prince threw one by one into the water, when these poor half-savage-looking creatures instantly dashed in after them, racing with each other to get them. And though you sometimes see a little quarrelling, if one gets a greater number than the rest, they generally agree most good-humouredly to divide their treasures. The use they make of them is simply to hang them up by a string, as an ornament to the ceiling of their huts.

March 5.—Remained quiet till nearly four o'clock in our dahabeah. The steamer and the other dahabeah, with all the gentlemen, had gone on early, at five o'clock in the morning, in the hope of having some independent sport. The Prince and Sir S. Baker lay watching for crocodiles for several hours, in the hot sand, notwithstanding the burning sun. (The thermometer was 140°, and I had it from 100° to 108° in my cabin.) However, they could not get a shot. Indeed, though some were seen, not one came within shot before they went down again. We joined the other boat at seven o'clock, and found that they had not got one either, though they declared they had killed one, four guns firing at a crocodile at the same moment. This ought certainly to have killed it, but the beast rolled into the water, and was carried away by the stream. This is the sportsmen's own account. Meanwhile a day was lost in vain, and the heat had been quite unbearable: even late at night there was 80° Fahr.

March 6.—The English mail arrived early in the morning, and I got some letters just a month old. Again a very hot day. Early in the morning the thermometer was at 106°; at twelve o'clock 140° in the sun, and 108° in my cabin. I certainly never felt anything like the heat. There was not a breath of

wind, and, added to this, there were swarms of the most impertinent flies, which one was constantly occupied in fanning away; an operation which only makes one still hotter, and effectually prevents one from doing anything in the way of drawing or writing. The day was unlucky, too, as far as progress in our journey is concerned. We stuck fast an hour after we had started, and there remained nearly three hours before we got off again and were able to go on. About one o'clock we reached Korosko, from which place we sent off our mail. We left Korosko again at four o'clock, but soon found ourselves once more aground, both steamer and dahabeah! The poor Captain was in utter despair, and he and all the men worked hard to get us off. The screaming and singing when they try to move the boats is not to be described. These boatmen always work their lungs and voices at the same time as their legs and arms, and it would seem that without this noise the work would not advance at all; but they certainly then work like horses. To-day when our boats stuck fast, we all of a sudden heard some splashing in the water, and looking down we found about twelve natives trying to push us off. It was a curious sight to see these bronze-looking figures, with their half-shaved heads and bright teeth, swimming about, and

looking much more like savages or monkeys than anything else; indeed, I should think the Nubian must be very nearly related to the latter. Their heads are generally shaved altogether except a large round circle at the top or back of the head, where they allow the hair to grow, leaving it to stick up like a brush in the air, or else platting it. I was told that the reason they did this, was their belief that when they die they will be lifted up to Paradise by that lock.

Of course we had now to stay for the night.

March 7.—Proceeded all day without stopping. Passed some beautiful scenery, by far the prettiest part of the country we had yet seen. The hills most beautifully shaped, rising in succession, row above row, with lovely soft lights thrown upon them, and the river twisting and winding about in the sharpest and most picturesque turns, form altogether one of the prettiest and wildest scenes I have yet visited. Some of the party compared it to Killarney, in Ireland. The weather to-day was delicious, a nice fresh breeze blowing from the north. The service was read by the Prince in the morning.

March 8.—Awoke very early, and got up at six, to see the beautiful entrance to Philae; and anything prettier than it all looked on our arrival here this

fresh bright morning it is impossible to conceive. The view of the old temple—itself a beautiful object—surrounded by palms, with the rocks and hills in the distance, and the Nile winding round it on all sides, is simply lovely!

We arrived at ten o'clock, and at twelve started on donkeys for Assouan, where we arrived at 1.30, having stopped on the way to see an unfinished obelisk, just as it was cut out from the quarry, probably thousands of years ago!

The ride in the middle of the day was rather hot. Arrived at Assouan, we lunched, and again took possession of our beautiful old home, our dahabeah, which, after the narrow quarters in the other boat, was doubly appreciated, at least by me. Everything seemed quite luxurious in comparison.

Still, I must say, that we have thoroughly enjoyed our expedition to the Second Cataract. It has proved a perfect success in every way, and was worth much greater discomfort than we were called upon to endure.

CHAPTER V.

RETURN VOYAGE DOWN THE NILE.

March 8.—After luncheon to-day, the Prince and Princess, with myself and Sir S. Baker, crossed the river, to pay Lady Duff Gordon a visit in her dahabeah, which she has now made entirely her home; living on board up here on account of her health. We had coffee and pipes, and returned home about five o'clock.

Received letters to-day from Sweden, but they were again a month old.

We dined on board the big steamer, which now seemed a perfect palace, after having dined for so many days on the deck of our little dahabeah between the Cataracts. It is just a fortnight since we left this. Went to bed early.

March 9.—Left Assouan at 10.30. Again comfortably installed in our old quarters on board our

pretty little dahabeah. We were towed by the big steamer, but the water being very low, they fear the latter will soon have to be given up altogether. In fact we have already stuck fast several times, and are now on the old sandbank, where we had so much trouble on the way up; yet the Viceroy has had 600 people working and digging here, since we before passed it, to make the channel deep enough for us. The big steamer stuck fast here about four o'clock, and after hard work, and the most zealous exertions to get her off, we found it was all in vain, and that if we were to arrive at Thebes the next day, we should have to go independently of our big friend! Consequently, it was settled that we should go on in our dahabeah, and be towed by the small steamer. So we started at 5.30. Prince Battenberg, Sir S. Baker, and Lord Carington being with us, and sleeping on deck! The gentlemen on board the big steamer were to follow as soon as they could. We passed some pretty scenery, which we had not seen going up.

March 10.—It was not a very nice day, blowing a perfect hurricane, which forced the Princess and myself to take refuge in the big cabin, where we spent our morning painting. At four o'clock we went on deck. There was a fine sunset, and a very pretty

view over the hills. Even in our small boats we stuck fast once, which delayed us, and, consequently, we only reached Thebes very late—at 7.15—when it was quite dark. The shore and landing-place were all lit up with lamps, and dressed out with palms and flags, &c.; and as we approached the bank, rockets and blue lights were burnt, to light up the ruins of the old Temple of Luxor.

Colonel Stanton, Sir H. Pelly, Major Alison, and Abdel Kader Bey met us here, and came on board our boat, having been here since we left Assouan. Colonel Stanton had remained to superintend some excavations for the Prince, and he had asked the other two gentlemen to stay with him; while our Egyptian aide-de-camp was left, on account of our scarcity of room in the small boats used above the First Cataract. Mourad Pasha accompanied us all the way. I think I never met with anybody more really kind and amiable than Mourad Pasha. He has quite adapted himself to our manner of living, and seems perfectly to understand our ways, and is always ready to enter into all our wishes and amusements.

As all our steamers, with food, &c., were left behind, a telegram had been sent off last night to Colonel Stanton to prepare him to give us a dinner

in his boat. And a very good one we had. The mutual adventures of the two parties during the last fortnight were told, a speech was made, and a toast proposed by Mourad Pasha to the health of the Prince and Princess, this being the anniversary of their wedding-day.

After coffee and pipes, and some more talk, we all proceeded, about eleven o'clock, to Mustapha Aga's (the English Consul's house), to see the famous Egyptian dancing-girls. We had heard so much about them, that, I confess, I was rather curious to see what they were like. But never was I more disappointed than by the performance of these creatures. Two appeared first, one tall and hideous, really like a mummy, only two fierce black eyes showed one that she was neither a doll nor a mummy. The other is the Taglioni of this country, called Zenab, a great beauty according to the Eastern taste,—to mine, a perfect fright. She had fine eyes and teeth; but the former being painted all round, as well as the eyebrows, there was no real beauty about them. Still, I could understand her being considered handsome in this country. They were dressed in the most gorgeous dresses—red silk, brocaded with gold; their heads one mass of coins and other finery, falling down low on their foreheads. The gowns were high,

fastened in front, and fitting very loose, showing most hideous figures, and waists about a yard round. Altogether, there was a perfect absence of all grace or charm. The neck and body of the dress were covered with most beautiful gold necklaces of all sorts of curious patterns, and principally composed of gold coins. The music was frightful, and so was the dancing—of the same nature as that of the Harem, consisting chiefly in moving and shaking the body, the feet and legs having very little to do with it. Two other small black creatures afterwards appeared, frightful to the highest degree, but also covered with ornaments. Between the dances, they sat down on the floor and smoked cigarettes. At 12.30 we came away.

I forgot to say that, when we first arrived, we were shown several very handsome mummy-cases, which had been found in making the excavations for the Prince. As many as thirty-two have been dug out.

I confess that it went against me to see these things. To me, what is dead and buried, whatever the custom or fashion of the burial may be, is sacred; and I cannot bear the idea of disturbing, and still less of removing, these corpses, especially when you see, from the careful way in which they are wrapped

up, and the very out-of-the-way places chosen for their family tombs, that their wish was to remain there undisturbed for ever. To break through all the precautions so carefully and skilfully adopted for concealing their tombs, and to take out everything considered most precious and sacred, and carry them off, I think simply horrible. Still, it is done every day, and by the Viceroy's order a great many have been taken lately to the new museum at Cairo. The cases were quite well preserved, and the paint seemed as fresh as possible. The lids were taken off two, and inside was another case, still more decorated with gilding and painting, the figure and head of the dead person being supposed to be carved upon the lid. This inner case was also opened, and there was the corpse, wrapped up in linen, and strapped up with wide tape. The shape of the body was still perfectly seen, and perfectly preserved. When you think of all the thousands of years they may have been buried, this is very curious. Still, I am glad we do not now try to preserve the dead in this manner. On the contrary, I wish more than ever that the old custom of burning the dead still existed. The Prince will bring a few of these cases with him to England.

The party left behind has not yet arrived.

March 11.—Got up early, and started at 9.30 to

see the place where the digging was going on; and a very hot ride we had from the other side of the river. Arrived at the spot, we could only see a deep entrance, cut in the rock, and from it a deep descent of about ninety feet. A few people went down, as it were down a coal-pit, by hanging to a rope. Down below I was told there was a magnificent stone sarcophagus, said to be that of the beautiful Queen Nicotris, which the Prince means also to take to England.

We stayed here some time, and then remounted our donkeys, and rode to Ramesis II.'s temple, where we lunched; and then returned home, very hot and dusty. It was our last day's picnic on the Nile, I am sorry to say, as we are due at Minieh the day after to-morrow, and from thence we go by rail to Cairo. I was much disappointed also that time did not allow us to return once more to Karnak.

I feel still quite low at the thought of this charming, quiet, and idle life being so nearly at an end. I have felt stronger and better than I ever did in my life, and I have most thoroughly enjoyed the trip, the delightful climate and constant fine weather, and the total absence of care and bustle. You feel when you get up in the morning that you have the whole day before you, undisturbed, for all your pleasant or useful occupations and readings.

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March 12.—When we came home yesterday about four o'clock, we found the big steamer and the gentlemen safely arrived; however, it was our last dinner on board that steamer, as there was no time to be lost. The water being very low between this and Minieh, it was thought better that the gentlemen should move into their old dahabeah, which had, with much trouble, been brought down from the Second Cataract, and thus be independent of all the sandbanks and shallow water. The two boats are, therefore, now towed by the kitchen-steamer; not, however, tied together, as the dahabeahs were above Philae, but one behind the other. The heat to-day was beyond description, and almost unbearable; and then the flies have of late been perfectly detestable, never leaving one a minute's peace, and consequently it is very difficult to draw or write; they are most impertinent, and dozens of them settle on your face and hands, while the constant fanning them away only makes one still more hot.

Other creatures, on the contrary, have not made their appearance at all. I have as yet scarcely seen a musquito, and hardly ever a flea!

We went on all day without stopping, and at night the post arrived, with good news from both my homes. It certainly is one great drawback to

the long intervals between the arrival of the mails, that you cannot help, at times, working yourself up into a certain degree of anxiety for all those you love, till you tremble at what may have happened since you heard last! At least, I have often given way, in spite of myself, to such thoughts.

The gentlemen from Colonel Stanton's steamer dined with us.

March 13.—Went on all day. Again fearfully hot—ninety-four in the shade on deck; hardly possible to do anything on account of the heat and the flies. The evening, too, very hot indeed.

March 14.—Passed Siout early in the morning. Very hot again—100 in the shade! The wind got up later, and we had a perfect gale in the evening.

Stopped about five o'clock at Rhoda, and went on shore to see the great sugar-manufactory belonging to the Viceroy. The heat inside it was really intense. We also went through the Palace, the Viceroy having one of some sort or other wherever he has got a manufactory, merely for the chance of his going there. This palace is splendid, with fountains inside, gilding, mirrors, &c.

After dinner all the gentlemen from the other boat came on board our dahabeah.

March 15.—A cloudy morning and high wind.

Arrived at Minieh at nine o'clock. The steamers which had succeeded in getting as far as Thebes, and had left that place at the same time as we did, had been delayed by sticking on different sandbanks, and only joined us at twelve o'clock. Some delay had been also caused by an accident to the dahabeah with the gentlemen on board. They were awoke about seven o'clock by the water coming into their cabins, a hole having been made in the boat by the anchor, and they had to rush on deck; but being, luckily, quite close to the bank when the boat stopped, they were able to save their clothes and goods by throwing them out, any way they could, through the ports on to the bank. They had hardly five minutes to do it in, before the water rose about two feet high in their cabins. Their description of the confusion and rushing about in their very slight night-costumes, and then dressing on the bank, was most ridiculous and amusing. Certainly, when they arrived they made as good a story as possible of their shipwreck, which, had they been further from the shore, might really have been very serious; and, selfish as it sounds, I must confess that I felt grateful the accident had not befallen us instead.

We stayed quietly in our little home all the morning, the last day we have to spend there, and

lunched on board our old steamer, also—alas!—for the last time! The wind and dust were so awful that it was impossible to use the deck, as we generally do, as the dining-room.

About four o'clock, the Princess, myself, Mourad Pasha, and some of the gentlemen, went up to the town on donkeys, and had a charming ride, poking about in every corner, and into every bazaar. We heard some rather funny singing: one man singing the tune, while five or six men stood in a row behind him, clapping their hands, and joining at times in a sort of chorus, which became all the more melodious from our donkeys joining in it with the most despairing, yelling shrieks.

The town is very pretty, and now looked very picturesque, from the number of regular little separate camps, like little fairs, all about it, with quantities of camels, and natives in their picturesque costumes, grouped here and there. The poor people generally wore only a greenish blue linen shirt, or a kind of deep brown worsted cloak, with openings for the arms, and some sort of white turban or cap on their heads. We stopped an old woman, who engaged to tell our fortunes. Her face was quite hidden, except her eyes. She produced a sort of flat tray, with a heap of shells and bits of coloured glass, which she

took up in her hands, and then threw them down on the tray, and after looking at them for a moment, she began by telling the Princess that she had many friends, much money, with all those phrases commonly used by these people. I did not care about having mine told, so we went on, and came to a large garden, full of high orange and lemon-trees, all in full flower, besides palms, dates, fig-trees, olive-trees, &c. It belongs to some of the members of the Government. Coffee was brought out, and we had some without getting off our donkeys.

From there we went to the house of the governor of the town, riding into the house, and through a passage straight into a small courtyard. Here we were offered a kind of lemonade, and the Princess was presented with a beautiful white parrot and two flamingoes (alive). Our ménagerie is certainly increasing; for to these we have to add, a monkey bought at Korosko, a snapping turtle from Assouan, and two goats!—all going to be taken home to England. However, our little Nubian barbarian, Achmet Ali, whom we found on the bank of the Nile at Wady Halfah, making himself out to be "Nobody's child," is, I think, going to be left in Egypt. He is much too sharp, and rather difficult to manage, so the Prince intends giving him a donkey, and thus starting him in life, and

he will be one of the many hundreds of these little sharp, impudent donkey-boys, who beset and tease travellers in Egypt.

We dined in the Viceroy's palace, the dinner being brought from our steamers. The palace is very pretty when lit up, and looks most gorgeous with its glasses, and gildings, and satin hangings.

March 16.—At nine o'clock, after an early rising and breakfast, we left our dear little dahabeah for the station of Minieh, only a few minutes' distance from the boats, and went by a special train to the station of Ghizeh, where we were met by the Viceroy's eldest son, Mehemet Taafik Pasha, Sheriff Pasha, and many officers and officials of all sorts. After a few minutes' conversation, the Prince and Princess took leave of them, and got into a charming *char-à-bancs*, with four splendid grey Pecheron horses, driven by two French postilions, and preceded by a French outrider. The Prince and Princess, myself, Lord Carington, Sir S. Baker, and Mourad Pasha, went in the first carriage, and were followed by the other gentlemen, also in open carriages, and postilions. The whole turn-out was quite French,—not less than forty of these Pecheron horses having been bought and sent out from Paris by General Fleury, for the Viceroy.

We drove immensely fast, and arrived at the Pyramids of Ghizeh about four o'clock. It had been arranged that we should visit the Pyramids on our way to Cairo in order to save a day, as the time of our stay in Egypt is, I am sorry to say, drawing to an end.

Arrived at the foot of the big Pyramid, we found a small Pavilion which had been built on purpose for their Royal Highnesses' visit. We walked at once close up to this colossal Pyramid, which struck me as a curiosity, more from its size and height than anything else. To me, as a mere object to look at, it was certainly neither pretty nor interesting in any way; though I know that upon most people the sight of this gigantic wonder of the world produces a very imposing effect. The Prince and Princess and some of us went inside it, and had to follow a very narrow passage, leading to the King and Queen's chambers. The ascent was very steep and in some places very slippery and difficult, besides being perfectly dark. We had some guides with lighted candles on their heads, but they went at such a pace, pushing and dragging one on almost by force, that I, at last, to their great disgust, told them I preferred going by myself. They still, however, insisted on helping me, saying, "All right, come along," and

taking hold of my arm. But I as positively refused, and said, "All wrong, leave me alone." At last I promised them their backsheesh all the same, and then all their eagerness to help me ceased, and they were quite satisfied. If I had known how bad the way was, I don't think I should have gone; indeed, in some places it was almost quite impossible to get on; we had to climb over bits of rock, and in one place there was only a small bit of the rock about two inches wide to step on, at a height of two or three feet, with nothing above to take hold of but the polished and very slippery granite rock, with almost a precipice below me on one side—had one's foot slipped! We had also to go quite doubled up, the passage being so low; and the dust was fearful. It was so slippery too, that in some places, where we had to descend, we had to slide down. We were nearly suffocated before we got out again. Afterwards the Prince and some of the gentlemen went up to the top of the Pyramid, and it was not till one saw them at the top of it, that one could really form an idea of its vast size, as they appeared more like small flies than human beings from where we stood. I was very tired after my underground walk, and rested a little at first, while the Princess got on a donkey and rode round the Pyramid. I soon, however, mounted one also,

and we went to look at the Sphinx: a curious, but certainly, to my mind, not a pretty sight.

The gentlemen now came down and joined us, and we rode about till seven o'clock, when dinner was served in the Pavilion. Cooks and all manner of things had been sent out by the Viceroy, and we sat down to a *small* dinner of nineteen dishes, eight entrées, ice, and every possible luxury.

About ten o'clock we started again, after a very pleasant day, and had a delightful drive to Cairo in our *char-à-bancs*. On first starting we had some men running by the side of the carriages with torches and lanterns, but once down the hills, these wretched men, who are expected to run as fast as the horses, were dismissed with the expression usual here, "Emshie Wala," and off we drove over a rather rough road, which has only lately been made to the Pyramids, and went at a tremendous pace, I should say quite twelve miles an hour. It was a fine starlight night, but bitterly cold, and very dusty. We had something of an escape on our way back, for we drove in the dark up against a high white flag-post which was stuck in the middle of the road, the carriage just touching it and breaking it clean down. Had we struck more fully upon it, it might have been a bad accident.

Our road led through a most beautiful acacia avenue, almost all the way to Cairo, where we arrived about eleven o'clock. We drove straight to our old Palace, where we had some supper, or rather looked at some, as we were dreadfully tired and none of us could eat much. So we went to bed at once, and very soft and large did I find mine, after the narrow and hard one on board our boat. But otherwise, I must say, I regretted my nice and peaceful little cabin, when I found myself again in my enormous bedroom. However, I felt very grateful that our journey so far had gone off so well, and that we had all been perfectly well since we arrived six weeks ago in Egypt.

I must add here, what I have omitted to mention in the proper place, that, on our way down the Nile, the Prince received letters to say that the differences between Greece and Turkey had been happily settled; and that their Royal Highnesses were now free to pay their proposed visits to Constantinople and Athens. The original plan will, therefore, be adhered to, and Mr. Elliot, our Ambassador at Constantinople, has been written to to say that he may expect us there, after visiting the Suez Canal, about the end of the month.

CHAPTER VI.

CAIRO.

March 17.— Got up late and breakfasted at ten. At one o'clock the Prince and Princess went to pay a visit to the Viceroy's eldest son, who lives in the Citadel; after which we went to Mehemet Ali's Mosque, in which his tomb is preserved. This Mosque is exceedingly beautiful. The walls and pillars are formed of immense blocks of alabaster, something like Algerian marble. We had to put on some red-cloth shoes before entering the Mosque, the Viceroy's son, who came with us, having to do the same. It is contrary to their religious customs for any one to enter a mosque without either taking off his shoes or putting these on. Inside, the floor is covered with beautiful Turkish carpets. The marble of the walls is splendid, but the effect of the whole is, I think, ruined by the

ill-painted decorations of the ceiling, and the common glass lamps, and a large chandelier in the centre, such as you would expect to see in a ball-room or theatre rather than in a church. In the courtyard there is a large fountain of really beautifully cut marble, to which everybody goes to wash their head, feet, and hands, before entering the Mosque for their prayers. We found several men kneeling down and praying in the Mosque. It struck me here, as it has often done elsewhere in Egypt, that their devotion must be most sincere, if you are to judge by the strict observance of their hours of prayer. It really seems almost ridiculous to see these people, without a moment's notice or reflection, throw themselves down on their knees, turning their heads towards Mecca, wherever they are, and whatever their work may be, when the hour of prayer comes, which they calculate by the sun. On board our boats one constantly saw the captain and sailors, in the midst of their work, and always at six o'clock, kneel down on deck, praying, and kissing the ground.

Ascending by a narrow staircase in a tower (a very difficult matter, as it was very steep and perfectly dark), we got on to the leads to look at the view, and had an excellent one, over the whole town and country round, with the Pyramids in the distance. But the wind was

very high, and consequently the air was full of dust, which produced almost the effect of a fog all over the place. The dust here is a perfect plague; and it is so fine that it goes through everything in the way of veils, and spoils both one's eyes and clothes.

From Mehemet Ali's Mosque we went to that of Hassan, a fine thing in its time, but now falling to pieces: at least all the carved wood-work is doing so, which is a great pity, as there will soon be little or nothing left of all this beautiful ancient building. We then drove home, and the Prince and gentlemen went out riding, while the Princess and myself went for a drive on the Shubra road, the fashionable drive of Cairo. It was rather amusing to see the Europeans driving about, while every now and then carriages passed by, filled with veiled Egyptian ladies. We met the wife and daughter of the Viceroy driving in a very smart little English brougham. We recognized them through their very thin veils or yashmaks. These new veils are not generally adopted by the ladies here, but they are very becoming. The fashion comes from Constantinople. They knew the Princess again at once, and nodded to us like old friends.

After dinner we went to the Circus, which is quite excellent here. We only got home late, and I was not in bed till two o'clock.

March 18.—Got up early, dressed in the old Nile costume, and after breakfast we were all photographed in a group. Wrote some letters, and after luncheon we went to the Tombs of the Caliphs, where, however, we only visited those known as "El Káëdbai" and "El Ashraf." About five o'clock we returned home, and the Princess and I started soon after with Abdel Kader Bey for the Turkish Bazaar, where the Princess bought a bournouse and other things. The mode of shopping here is certainly peculiar. You sit down on the edge of the counter or step of the shop, and ask for what you want: they then invariably show you something quite different, and it is a long while before the article you ask for is produced. Then the bargaining begins: the man asks you a price, and you then offer half. The bargaining goes on, at first in good-humour, then in rather cross words, but generally ends with your knocking down the sum to nearly half that he had asked at first. One is quite *sans gêne,* and puts on and tries the things in the middle of the street. Still one must have plenty of time and patience to get anything, as they insist upon first taking down everything in the shop. For instance, if you say you wish for a silk scarf, you must first look at all their beads, pipes, table-covers, and embroidered slippers; and though they must perfectly

well see that you don't want anything of the sort, they seem much more eager to spread out these things than those you want to buy! We did not agree about the price of a bournouse in one shop, so we went to another, and found one just like that in the first shop, only that we thought we preferred the shape of the first. Abdel Kader Bey, who managed the bargaining for us, at once sent for the man and bournouse from the last shop. The two were compared, and, before the shopman, we tried both on, and tried again to bargain for the first, the second shopman actually helping us to bring down the price asked by his rival, and going across the street for a candle that we might see better. But he stuck to ten pounds as the lowest price, so he was sent back with his goods, and our last friend carried the day, the Princess buying his bournouse for nine pounds. It was certainly very amusing; but what would they say in England if, when trying to buy an article in one shop, one sent for a similar article from another, and employed one shopman to help you in bargaining with the other?

We only got home at seven o'clock. Dressed, and dined at once, and went to the theatre, where we were received by the Viceroy, who had only returned this evening from Suez, where he had been

to see the water let into the Bitter Lakes. The French company that is here acts very well indeed, and we were much amused; but I was very tired, and glad to go to bed at two o'clock.

March 19.—Got up early in order to go with the Princess, at nine o'clock, to be photographed on a dromedary. At twelve o'clock the Prince went to call upon the Viceroy, and the Princess and myself went to see Mrs. Stanton. After we came home from these visits, we all went to the "Musée d'Antiquités Egyptiennes," which is most interesting and beautifully arranged. A Frenchman, Monsieur Mariette, who has arranged it all, explained everything most agreeably. He is the only person whom I ever found succeed in making a sight of this kind interesting to me. He only stopped us when there was something really worth pointing out and explaining, and he then held forth and told very many amusing and interesting things, which, however, it would be too long to try and put down. We returned about two o'clock for luncheon, and then prepared our letters for the mail.

At seven o'clock we started for a great dinner at the Viceroy's palace Gizerek, on the other side of the river. Driving up through the garden was really like something in fairy-land. It was all lit

up with immensely high lamps, with large mat glass-shades, which threw the light down on the brilliant flower-beds. We passed the big Palace and drove up to the Kiosk, which is the gem of all the Viceroy's palaces. The whole way was lighted up with different-coloured lamps and torches, and it was all as light as day. Standing in the outer marble court, with its beautiful Moorish arches and its pillars of a rich brown colour, their bases and capitals profusely and brilliantly decorated, and looking on every side at the tastefully illuminated garden, the effect produced was indeed most splendid, and carried one at once back in imagination to one of the scenes you read of in the *Arabian Nights*. It is quite impossible to describe it, but I shall never forget this beautiful sight. The interior of the Kiosk is quite magnificent, both as regards architecture and decorations, as well as the tasteful and splendid way in which the rooms are furnished. Most of the rooms are white and gold, one mass of mirrors, with rich silk curtains, and furniture, the colours of which are all the soft though brilliant tints of the old Arabesque or Mauresque style.

I was taken out to dinner by the Viceroy's eldest son. We walked through the open court amid a display of lights and rockets from every side, with

fountains playing, which made the scene one of real Eastern magnificence and beauty.

The dinner was excellent, with every luxury that a true French *cuisine* and French taste could produce; the table beautifully arranged and decorated, and the band playing outside in the garden during dinner. The dining-room itself is beautiful, white and gold, with glass all round the walls, fountains, etc., and the floor of inlaid marble, porphyry, and alabaster. Everything has been brought from Europe, except the design of the building itself, and of the decorations, which are all in the true old Eastern style.

After a very long dinner we marched back again to the drawing-rooms, and had some coffee (no pipes, I am happy to say), and then we went out to look at the fireworks, which were again very fine. The large marble fountain in front had a row of red and blue lights all round; and the background of the garden was here and there lit up by lamps of the most brilliant colours. Standing in the outer marble court it was difficult to know which way to look; in front you had the display of rockets and every kind of firework; on the other side you saw the large ornamental piece of water, in which all the brilliant red, blue, and different-coloured lights were reflected, surrounded with beds of flowers, and

beyond it, as far as you could see, the garden lit up in the most picturesque manner, throwing out the grottos, fountains, and groups of trees and flowers, and making the prettiest picture imaginable of the whole scene. A beautiful warm starlight night completed the success of this fête. We only got home at half-past twelve.

March 20.—Again got up early, and at nine o'clock the Princess and myself, with three of the gentlemen, started off on donkeys to the bazaars, where we made several purchases. We returned home at eleven o'clock, when we breakfasted, changed our dresses, and hurried off to Miss Whateley's school—the Princess, myself, and Lord Carington—the Prince having gone before. There were here children of all religions, and she teaches them English, geography, &c., sacrificing both her time and money to educate these poor children. Some read and sung, and were examined while we were there, We were able to stay a very short time, and had to start at once when we got home to go to the races, which took place about four miles from Cairo, in the desert. The day was most disagreeable for it. The wind was very high, which made the dust perfectly intolerable, blowing in clouds, so that we could see nothing else, and filling our eyes with sand.

We arrived at the racecourse in our beautifully turned out *char-à-bancs*, with four horses, postilions, and outriders, and two men riding behind on the same kind of French grey horses. Red liveries with gold, and the horses with bells. There was a royal stand, on which were our party, the Viceroy and his son, and to which the Ministers were invited. This scene was, of course, very inferior to what one sees in Europe, very few carriages and people altogether, and the whole thing very poor and dull. The Viceroy's horses won three races. There was also a donkey-race, which was very amusing; and the Syces (the boys who run before the carriages) also had a race.

A large luncheon was served in a tent, and at six o'clock we started on our return, dined, and dressed as fast as we could, and at 8.30 proceeded to "Kazr-el-Nil," the palace where the Viceroy had invited us to a theatrical entertainment. The pieces were French, and beautifully acted—*Les Femmes qui pleurent* and *La Corde Sensible*. Between the pieces an Hungarian singer, Mdlle. Sarotta, sung, as did also a French actor, a most amusing song, the "refrain" of which was, "Hein, hein, Cela ne va guère, C'est une très mauvaise affaire." The room was very hot. We had supper afterwards downstairs,

the royalties and myself together at a small table in a separate room.

The Viceroy is on all these occasions most civil and amiable to everybody, and his eldest son is quite charming,—very nice civil manners, and when not shy, he has got plenty to say for himself; and as he has had to drag me about, and sit near me at all these entertainments, we are become great friends. He is very anxious to improve himself, and is now learning four languages, working very hard from nine till four every day. He does not like the idea of his brother, who is in England, learning English, and being himself unable to understand him, so he works hard at English during his hours of recreation, and told me he learnt twenty words by heart every day, and also studies his grammar. The Viceroy knows it, but thinks it good for him to work it out for himself, and has not yet given him an English master.

We now took leave of the Viceroy, as we were to start for Suez the next morning, and got home by twelve o'clock, or later. At all events, we did not get to bed till near two o'clock. I was very tired, and hardly able to stand; and no wonder, as we have had very hard work these last two days.

March 21.—Got up at 6.30, to pack everything and get ready for the start at 12.30, when, to my

disgust, I received a message at nine o'clock to say that we are to stay here for two or three days more. Much as I have enjoyed Egypt, and sorry as I am our stay in it is over, I cannot say, after having had the trouble of getting ready, and having made the exertion of getting up early, that I quite appreciated this change in our plans; though, on the whole, I am glad to think we shall have a day or two more at Cairo, and thus be enabled to visit the wives of our Egyptian gentlemen, which the Princess had much wished to do, but had been forced to give up from want of time. The Prince, who had returned last night to the Viceroy, and only got home very late, had been persuaded by him to stay over the feast of the Beiram, which answers to our Easter.

We consequently breakfasted late, and rested all the morning, when the Prince and most of the gentlemen went out. The Princess, myself, and Captain Ellis, went at one o'clock on donkeys to the bazaars, and only got home at three o'clock. We then lunched and dressed, and at four o'clock the Princess and myself drove out in an open carriage with Mourad Pasha to see his wife. The drive there was charming, through parts of the town we had not yet seen.

His house is in the old town of Cairo, and between the two towns, we drove through a succession of large

gardens. Flower-gardens, and kitchen-gardens, with fruit-trees, and particularly fig-trees, that looked like gigantic cactuses. His house is perfectly delightful. We passed first through a large courtyard, where five or six gazelles, and some beautiful, large wild ducks, were walking about; and then came to a lovely garden full of high trees of roses and jessamine, oranges, etc.; the smell was most delicious as we walked through it. It is an immense garden, and given up entirely to flowers. On coming to the house we were met by his wife. She was not pretty, but looked most kind and good-natured. She speaks French very well, her father being half a Frenchman. Sheriff Pasha, the Minister of the Interior, is married to her sister, and they all live in the same house, with the mother-in-law and one unmarried sister. She was very smart, dressed quite in the Turkish fashion, with a loose peach-coloured satin dress, trousers of the same, with a gold band, fastened by a large diamond clasp round the waist; a necklace of enormous diamonds, diamond and pearl earrings, and a violet velvet head-dress covered with diamond ornaments.

We sat down in a very large cool room, with divans all round the walls. Coffee and pipes were brought in, and afterwards some of the usual drink of rose-water and sugar. Five slaves waited upon us.

We talked a good while, and she was really most pleasant and nice. The Princess was delighted to make her acquaintance, as her husband, Mourad Pasha, is a great favourite of the whole party, which he well deserves to be, for I have seldom met anybody so gentlemanlike, kind, and so thoroughly good-tempered.

At last we said good-by, when his wife was not allowed to come out even into the garden with us, as she was not veiled! The view from the garden is charming. The Nile passing quite close to the foot of a high bank, on which the house is built, makes the situation very pretty. We walked all over the garden. There were two pavilions in it, a small one for the ladies and a larger one, with a billiard-table, for the gentlemen,—really charming.

We were given enormous nosegays, and drove home again very much pleased with our visit. Arrived at home at seven. We dressed and dined as quickly as possible, and then went to the Circus. I was very tired, and again did not get to bed till two o'clock.

March 22.—Got up at seven, as the Princess had settled to go out early on donkeys. However, she was not ready till 11.15, when we breakfasted, and at one o'clock started with some of the gentlemen to the bazaars. We met the Prince there, and went

about shopping till near three o'clock, when we returned for luncheon. These rides in the bazaars are great fun, and one of the chief pleasures of Cairo.

At four o'clock we started with Abdel Kader Bey for a short drive on the Shubra road, and then went to pay his wife a visit. He has an old house, rather far off, but is building a new one in the fashionable part of the town, where he expressed a hope to see us next time we came to the East! His wife met us on the stairs. He had told me she was pretty, but I can't say I thought her so. She looked very pale and delicate, and has been very ill. He also showed us his little boy, carried in by his old mother. The wet-nurse (a black woman) was also presented to us, with her own boy, twelve months old, standing by her; and when we said she could not be a good nurse for both, he told her, *sans gêne*, to open her dress, and let us judge for ourselves if she had not enough food for the baby! Altogether, the interior of the families here is very different from anything one ever heard of. The wife seems still to be, what she was originally, a slave; and her chief, and, indeed, only merit, seems to be her implicit obedience. However, in this country the man may separate from his wife when he pleases, with or without any reason, if he thinks

her ugly, or disagreeable in any way; for instance, snoring, or grinding her teeth in her sleep, would give him a right to a divorce! Abdel Kader Bey is also a great favourite among us all, being most amiable and good-tempered. He speaks German, having been for eight years at a college in Vienna, but no other language that we could understand; and we have not made any progress in Arabic, which, indeed, it seems impossible to learn.

From his house we went to pay a visit to our Captain, Achmet Bey, who lives beyond the Kazr-el-Nil. When we arrived he was praying, and could not come to us, but his wife soon appeared, and received us most heartily and warmly, kissing both the Princess and myself most violently. She was really very pretty indeed, with a dark complexion and a pretty nose, lovely teeth and mouth, and the real Eastern eyes and face. She is the only pretty woman I have as yet seen here, but rather fat. Very smartly dressed, in a sort of violet silk dress, woven with gold, and trousers of the same, the skirt of the dress looped up to the sides; with a pearl necklace, diamonds on her head, as well as earrings and brooches. She was very nice, and had very pleasant manners, but could not speak anything but her own tongue, yet she never ceased talking! Her

husband arrived a few minutes after, and seemed most delighted and proud to show her to us. She also sent for her baby, a two-months' old little boy, and at once settled him down for a meal, no further preparations being necessary, as the gown was not even fastened in front, just only a little drapery! Certainly these people do not know the meaning of the word shyness, which is in such contradiction to their religious scruples about ever showing their faces to a man! She showed us some embroidery of her own work, and gave us some of it.

When we returned home we found the Prince waiting for us, as it was already 7.30, and Colonel and Mrs. Stanton, Sir Henry Pelly, and Major Alison had been asked to dinner at seven o'clock. After dinner we all talked together till about eleven o'clock, when we went to bed. Lord Huntly and Lord Gosford had arrived from India, and came after dinner.

March 23.—This being the first day of the Beiram, a great feast here, we got up early and dressed in our best, the gentlemen in uniform. The latter went at a quarter to ten to pay a visit to the Viceroy, as it is the custom on this day for everybody to go and pay their respects to his Highness in full uniform; while the Princess, Mrs. Stanton, Miss

McLean, myself, and Abdel Kader Bey, started at 10.30 to pay a visit to la Grande Princesse, the Viceroy's mother, who holds a sort of drawing-room in the Harem. We drove through the garden, which was now quite lovely—one mass of flowers, and far prettier than when we were here last. We were received at the entrance by the Viceroy's eldest son, and inside by a great number of slaves who were waiting for us. The Harem band played in the hall, and slaves in their best and smartest dresses lined all the way up to the room where we found the Princess. We sat down, and had coffee and pipes as on our last visit. Soon after, the second and third Princesses arrived, dressed to-day almost quite like Europeans. Their dresses were of a sort of beautiful *chiné* silk, the bodies made exactly in the French fashion, and the skirts looped up, so as to show the wide trousers underneath. They really looked very pretty, and both cheerful and happy. They had very few but very handsome jewels on. The fourth wife, mother of the Crown Prince, was there also. Besides these Princesses, there were the Viceroy's daughters, and a great many other ladies—amongst them a daughter of Mehemet Ali, the widow of Said Pasha—who all came to pay their respects. On entering the room they made the usual salaam

and gestures with the hands, and curtseys to the old Princess, after which they all sat down in a row. The usual sort of conversation now began through the interpreting of the young Prince; consisting of questions as to how the Princess had liked her journey, about her children, &c.; and then little civil speeches were exchanged about their mutual delight at seeing each other again. Presently some wonderful music began from a singer that had a great reputation here, but who, to my taste, was simply awful. She was covered with jewels, and was by way of being handsome. The old Princess thinks so much of her singing that she has given her a large estate!

We were asked to go upstairs to see the room prepared for the wedding of the Viceroy's eldest daughter. This was, indeed, a very curious sight. The walls were covered with artificial flowers—long wreaths that looked as if they grew out of the panels, and which spread their branches all over the walls. The ceiling was hung with draperies of tarlatan, in brilliant colours, with silver tassels and feathers. All round the walls the most extraordinary children's toys were put up on small brackets,—wooden horses, tin soldiers, and beasts of all kinds: in short, a regular collection of German playthings;

and this seemed to be what they all most admired! The carpet was spread over with little gold spangles. A sort of dais, with three large white and gold chairs, was built up for the bride and two of the Princesses.

We then went back to the old Princess downstairs, and the Prince, having sent in to say that he had arrived to fetch away the Princess, we soon left, after coffee and pipes had again been handed round. The Princesses took us to the garden-gate, and seemed much amused when the Princess tried, by signs, to persuade them to come out with her and see the Prince. He and the gentlemen had been smoking in another room. Their coming to the Palace in this manner is looked upon as a piece of civility or etiquette, though, of course, they never see the Princesses.

We now drove home, the Prince and Princess together in one carriage, and we all following in our smart equipages, with red liveries and powdered servants, exactly like the English gala liveries.

We changed our dresses, and, at two o'clock, the Princess and myself started, with two of the gentlemen, on donkeys, for a ride through the parts of the town we had not before seen.

The heat to-day was very great, otherwise we

have had no heat to complain of since we returned to Cairo, and the evenings have been quite cool. We returned home at four o'clock, and, after again changing our dresses, we went for a drive on the Shubra road, and visited "Kazr-el-Nourza," the Palace the Viceroy had put at the Prince's disposal when he was here seven years ago.

We returned home to our Palace at 6.30, and dressed ourselves as smartly as we could, and went to the Palace of Gizerek, where the Viceroy's four wives had invited us to dinner. We were met at the door of the garden by the young Prince, and, inside the door, by the two eldest daughters of the Viceroy. We walked through the garden, and in the Palace were met by the four Princesses, attended by a great number of slaves. They all accompanied us to a drawing-room, where coffee and pipes were handed round. Then came music, and two slaves brought in a most beautiful large gold tray, with a whole service of gold, all inlaid with diamonds and rubies! They gave you a spoon, and you took a spoonful of cherry preserve, after which a large gold and diamond tumbler of water was handed to you. Pipes and coffee were again offered, and at last dinner was announced, when we proceeded to the next room, where the table was laid. Everything was exactly

the same as at the dinner we had with la Grande Princesse on our first visit to Cairo, except that this time we sat down on chairs, instead of on the floor. I sat between the second and third Princesses.

We had again to tear off the meat, just as we had done before; but this time I managed to get a good bit of turkey with my fingers, and several things that I could swallow, and knowing, from my remembrance of the last time, the dishes of garlic and onions by sight, I was able to avoid tasting them again. When dinner was over, beautiful gold basins were handed round for us to wash our hands in, and then we went back to the drawing-room. We had had a very pleasant dinner indeed; all were very merry, and the young Prince in very high spirits, and full of fun. We had some very odd singing during dinner, a fat creature telling a story while she was singing. After dinner there was music and dancing, just like what we had already seen. They gave us some photographs, and were charmed with some which the Princess gave them of herself.

Shortly before we left them, the Princess having expressed a wish to see how their veils were fastened on (those, I mean, that they wear out of doors), they sent for some, and the third Princess immediately began to put it on the Princess, one of the others

dressing me up, to their great amusement, and not less so to that of the young Prince, who entreated us to drive home dressed in this manner, and thus make the Prince believe that his Princess had been kept, and a slave sent instead! Our eyebrows were painted; the thin veil was put over the upper and lower part of the face; and a thin kind of silk cloak or bournouse was put over us, which they begged us to keep as a souvenir of our visit to the Harem. We then said good-by; they kissed us, and in every way showed how pleased they were with our visit. The first Princess, whom we had not met before, is handsome and very young-looking, having a daughter of seventeen. The fourth Princess is the mother of the young Crown Prince. She was dressed in the common Egyptian dress—loose jacket, skirt, and wide trousers. The second and third were dressed in the European fashion, with satin and lace, and lace bodies, flowers in their hair, and some beautiful jewels. We also saw the children of the second Princess: one, a nice little boy about seven, who, having General McLean for his governor, speaks English very nicely; and a little girl, who spoke French.

At twelve o'clock we took our departure, keeping our Egyptian dresses on, in the hopes of astonishing everybody on arriving at our Palace; but, to our

great disappointment, we found our whole party had gone to bed, except the Prince, who had not yet returned from his dinner with the Viceroy. The only person who saw us was Kanné, our courier, and he declared he did not know us again, and thought us looking far better than usual! Excellent Kanné! Any account of our travels would be incomplete without some acknowledgment of all we owed him. What, indeed, should we have done without him? It was Kanné here—Mr. Kanné there—at all hours of the day; and however busy he might be, there was Kanné always ready to listen patiently to our wants (and sorely his patience must have been tried at times!) and to do his best to satisfy them! I, for one, feel that but for Kanné and his perfect arrangements, our trip could not have been the success it proved to be!

This is our last night in Cairo. To-morrow we go to see the Suez Canal.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUEZ CANAL—RETURN TO ALEXANDRIA.

March 24.—Up early, and very busy all the morning packing and preparing for our start for Suez. We took our final departure from our Palace at twelve o'clock, and drove straight to Kazr-el-Nil, to take leave of the Viceroy before starting in the train from the private station at that Palace. The Viceroy accompanied us through the garden to the station, where Lord Huntly, Lord Gosford, and Sir Henry Pelly, as well as all the English residents, had assembled to take leave of the Prince and Princess. At half-past twelve we took our places in the railroad carriages, and bid a final adieu to Cairo. And I think we were all sorry that it was so, for anything more studiously kind and cordial than the Viceroy has been to us all during our stay in Egypt

is not to be conceived. Everything that it was possible to do for the comfort and accommodation of the Prince and Princess, as well as of their suite, has been done in a most princely manner, regardless of expense and trouble. And seldom, I think, has a tour been more successful, or more thoroughly enjoyed by every one, than that which we have just made up the Nile. In thinking of it, I can discover but one cause for regret, namely, that it is over.

We had a very hot and dusty journey, and only arrived at Suez at seven o'clock. Mr. Russell and Major Alison have now joined our party for the rest of our journey.

We were met at Suez by Monsieur de Lesseps, who is the author and chief director of the Suez Canal. He was formerly French ambassador at Rome and Madrid, and is a very clever agreeable man. It is entirely through his exertions and diplomatic skill that the difficult negotiations for starting this great work, getting subscriptions, &c., have been successfully carried through. Monsieur Borel and Monsieur Lavallez, "Entrepreneurs des Travaux du Canal," and inventors of the wonderful machinery for dredging (élévateurs à longues couloirs, &c.), and Monsieur Laroupe, "Ingénieur en Chef de la Division de Suez," also met us at the station.

We got ready at once for dinner, which we had in the large dining-room of the hotel, being waited upon by Indian waiters, all dressed in their white coats and small white caps. They waited very well indeed; but it was a long, tiresome affair, with many Indian dishes.

Among the waiters at dinner, the Prince observed a small black boy, about fourteen years old, who waited very well, and looked intelligent: so the Prince after dinner asked the landlord of the hotel all about him, and having found out that he was an Abyssinian boy, and had an excellent character, he at once decided upon taking him home, instead of little "Ali," or "Nobody's child," who had been again taken on trial from Cairo, and whom it was now determined to send home from Constantinople.

After dinner we went out on the balcony, when some rockets were sent up from a boat opposite the hotel, while a band played below on the quay. It was a lovely fresh evening, after the very hot day we had had. The French gentlemen, and a Major Clerk, an English officer stationed there, dined with us. Got to bed early. Very nice clean rooms.

March 25.—Started by the train at nine to see the docks, on arrival at which we went on board an English transport tug and steamed round the

mole and as far up the Canal as we could go. We then returned in the tug to the hotel quay, where we had breakfast at 10.30, after which we again took the train, and started at eleven o'clock for Chalouf. A guard of soldiers was drawn up in front of the train, to which all the officials accompanied their Royal Highnesses.

We arrived in half an hour at Chalouf, where we alighted and crossed the Sweet-Water Canal in a ferry-boat. Horses were here provided for the gentlemen, while the Princess, myself, and M. de Lesseps got into a small pony-carriage, and the Princess drove us along the banks of the Maritime Canal for about two miles to see the cuttings now being made, and various stages of work at present going on. This took us an hour. We then again got into the train, and at one o'clock arrived at a place where two small steam-launches were waiting for us, and in them the whole party proceeded down the Sweet-Water Canal to Serapeum, where, on landing, we were received by M. and Madame Charles de Lesseps, Mdlle. Borel, M. and Madame Guishard, and M. and Madame Voisin, &c. The whole party then walked through the small town and got into other steam-launches, in which we continued our journey to the south, down the Maritime Canal, which is

certainly a great and most wonderful work. We went as far as the dam where the water is being let slowly into the Bitter Lakes. This is also a most interesting sight. At present everything round you seems quite dry, and all looks like the desert; yet by letting the water in in this manner, the lakes, which extend upwards of forty miles, will in five or six months be quite filled, and in the part through which the Canal goes there will be a depth of thirty feet of water. Having inspected the dam, we re-embarked and returned towards the north, by the Maritime Canal, to Lake Timsah (Arabic for crocodile). We arrived there at five o'clock, but it was past six before we got to Ismaila, where a triumphal arch had been erected at the landing-place, troops lining the road, &c. Lord Huntly, Lord Gosford, and Sir H. Pelly, joined us here, having arrived from Cairo in a special train given by the Viceroy.

The Prince and Princess got into a basket-carriage drawn by four horses; I was put, with some of the gentlemen, into another; and the rest of the party followed on horseback. We thus passed through the town and drove about three miles further through the desert to the Viceroy's châlet, a very pretty little pavilion, built on high ground overlooking Lake Timsah.

The Prince and Princess and myself were lodged here, the rest of the party, amounting to eighteen, being doubled up in some small outhouses and tents close by. Dinner was served in a large tent below the pavilion; the French party, who had been with us all day, coming to dinner in a small steamer.

All the china, plate, servants, &c., had been sent out here from Cairo by the Viceroy, and having a most excellent French dinner, there was an end to any little illusion we may have been under, that we should have to "rough it" during our visit to the desert.

Got to bed at eleven o'clock, but slept very little on account of the noise, the servants being busy packing and talking outside my window great part of the night.

March 26. — Left our châlet at nine o'clock. M. de Lesseps, who had come over with his party from Ismaila, accompanying us. The Princess, myself, and Mourad Pasha, went in a basket-carriage with four horses; the gentlemen on horseback, who seemed to enjoy their ride through the desert in spite of the heat, and had a good gallop. In less than an hour we arrived at El Guisr, and there we got out and paid a visit to M. ——, the engineer of the division. He has got the most

charming little châlet here imaginable. The garden is perfect, filled with beautiful trees, and yet it is only the creation of four years, for before that time it was still a part of the desert, which surrounds this lovely spot on all sides. All these French people seem quite delighted with their existence here, and told me they had never felt so well or so happy as they have done since they have been in Egypt; and all seem to delight in the pleasures of rides and picnics in the desert.

After a short delay at Senil el Guisr, we embarked in the *Zenct el Bachereen* (the steamer the Duke of Sutherland had up the Nile), and breakfasted on board. The French party followed in a small steamer, and the journey was now continued up the Canal towards the Mediterranean. About every ten minutes we passed some of the gigantic dredges, and wonderful machines for cutting out the canal, which, when completed, will be from five to six metres deep.

At Kantara we saw a large caravan of camels, &c., this being, from time immemorial, the road for caravans from Egypt to Syria.

At 5.30 we arrived at Port Said, and a very pretty gay sight it was. Salutes were fired from the *Mahroussa*, the Viceroy's yacht, and other ships, and all vessels "dressed ship" and manned yards,—

a very pretty scene in the evening light. Went on outside the entrance of the canal to see the breakwaters, which are made of blocks of concrete, of which 2,500 have been laid down, at a cost of 16*l.* each. Altogether the expenses of the whole undertaking seem so large, that, in my stupid mind, I cannot understand its being possible that it can ever pay. The Viceroy has already given eight millions, and I think it has not cost less already than two hundred millions of francs.

We landed, and the Prince, Princess, and myself got into a wretched little waggonette, the only carriage at Port Said, the others walking behind. We thus drove through the town, followed by an immense crowd of people, to the workshops, and saw some very clever machinery for executing the works of the canal. Most of the workpeople are French, with some Italians and Austrians, but I was told there was not one Englishman all down the line. They make from ten to thirty francs a day.

We now left Port Said in a state barge, and went on board the Viceroy's yacht, *Mahroussa*, which is to take us to Alexandria. It is a splendid boat, as regards luxury, and more like a palace than a steamer. It is said to have cost 200,000*l.*

M. de Lesseps and his party had come on board

with us, and now took leave. We had dinner soon after, and got under weigh at 8 P. M. As soon as we got outside the breakwater, we began all at once to roll furiously. We were at dinner at the time,—the table covered with every kind of luxury in the shape of decanters, candlesticks, dessert service, &c., when a heavy swell sent the vessel so completely over on one side, that everything on the table was thrown off with a tremendous crash! We ourselves were all rolled over on the floor, chairs and all! and hardly had we had time to realize our position, before a second wave threw the ship over on the other side, and upset a whole row of plates and china piled up on the sideboard, breaking it all to pieces! The confusion and noise that this occasioned was beyond anything I ever witnessed. Fortunately this did not last, for once outside the harbour we had only some honest, steady rolling, which, though tolerably heavy, did not prevent our going on with our dinner. I stayed a long time on deck, the night being very fine, though blowing hard. The band was playing, and the effect of the deck of this immense vessel, so smartly decorated, reminded me of the scene in the *Africaine*. I was perfectly well, but the heat of my cabin prevented my sleeping.

March 27.—At breakfast, the English mail came

in; but I had no letters. We made an excellent passage in our immense boat, going at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, and arrived about nine at Alexandria. Our arrival was, as before, a very pretty sight; salutes from the forts and from the ships, the latter "dressing ship," manning yards, &c.

After breakfast we all started in the barge, and visited the Rasulteen, Mehemet Ali's old Palace, in the old durbar, or reception-room of which we had coffee and pipes. We then got into carriages (all those that we had used in Cairo having been sent on here by the Viceroy), and went to see Cleopatra's Needle, which is like a small obelisk, and Pompey's Pillar. Thence we returned through the town to the dock-yard jetty, where we were received as usual by a guard of soldiers, and got into the *Mahroussa's* barge, and pulled off for the *Ariadne*. It was blowing very hard.

I confess I was very much disappointed with the view I got of Alexandria, driving through the streets. It seemed to me like a shabby second-rate European town. There was nothing Eastern about it. The shops are all French and Italian, and the bazaars seemed very poor. The dust was intolerable, and the drive up to Pompey's Pillar was by no means refreshing. Nor when you arrived at it were you rewarded

for the trouble: it is nothing but a very large stone pillar, though the size of it, consisting, as it does, of a single block of granite, is very remarkable. You ought certainly to see this town on first arriving in Egypt, and not after Cairo, and all the other beautiful and interesting places we have visited. Still I shall never forget the impression Alexandria made upon me on the morning of the 3rd of February, when we first anchored in the harbour—the novelty of all the bright costumes and boats, the transparency of the air, the brightness of the scenery, and, above all, the beautiful lights, which are, to my idea, the particular charm of Egypt! Indeed, I have never got tired of watching these lights and shadows; on the contrary, every day I have enjoyed them more and more.

After a good tossing in our little royal barge, we arrived on board our old home, the *Ariadne*. I confess it was with unfeigned regret I felt that this delightful trip was really drawing to an end. How much have we all to be thankful for, looking back upon these months without a single drawback or cause of anxiety. We have all been perfectly well, and all news from home has, so far, been good. I have, indeed, felt the good the whole tour has done me, not only physically, but morally; as,

while you feel well and strong, you cannot help feeling also happy and thankful; at least, such have been my feelings during these last two pleasant months.

Our big ship looked quite small and poor after the gorgeous *Mahroussa*, the latter being one mass of silk hangings, Gobelins, gildings, mirrors, tables of Italian marble, mosaic, mother-of-pearl, &c. Still, I felt much more snug and comfortable in my old cabin here, with its nice bed and bath-room, both of which were unknown luxuries on the other ship, in which I had all the difficulty in the world to keep myself in my hard two-feet-wide berth during the heavy rolling of last night, everything in the *Mahroussa* being sacrificed to the royal state cabins and saloons.

Mourad Pasha, Abdel Kader Bey, Achmet Bey, Sir S. Baker, Lord Gosford, Sir Henry Pelly, Lord Huntly, Colonel Stanton, and all who had been in attendance upon the Prince, came on board, and had luncheon with us, after which the four first-mentioned English gentlemen left us, as they were to embark this afternoon, Sir Samuel and Lord Huntly for Marseilles, Lord Gosford and Sir Henry for Malta. There was also a packet for Trieste, by which we all scratched off a few lines to our friends far away, and

then said a tender farewell to our nice Egyptian gentlemen. We were really sorry to part from them, and I think they were equally sorry to part with us. It is quite impossible for anybody to have been nicer, or more thoroughly gentlemanlike and agreeable, than both have been during our stay in Egypt. The Pasha, who speaks French with great fluency, made himself most agreeable to everybody. Abdel Kader Bey, though equally amiable, and most good-humoured, only speaking German, which several of our party did not, never got to know them quite so well. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that he wished he had never seen us, as he should feel quite lonely and miserable when we were gone, which I quite believe, as there are as yet very few Egyptians who have been in Europe, or, indeed, know much about it; so the social life of Cairo must be very tiresome and dull. Indeed, society there is none, and, except their own wives, they never see or talk to a lady.

However, I am getting quite out of my day's history. I said we bid good-by to our friends with real regret, and also to Colonel Stanton, who is most pleasant and kind, and with heavy hearts we were making up our minds for a final start at five o'clock, especially as it was blowing very hard, indeed, a perfect hurricane. We were just watching

the two steamers for Marseilles and Malta, having great apparent trouble and difficulty to get off, when, to my great delight (very wicked, I confess), we heard that a small accident had occurred, which made our starting quite impossible. The hawser from an Egyptian frigate lying close by, and moored to the same buoy as ourselves, had got foul of the *Ariadne's* screw, and was so twisted round it that it could not be got free without a diver. So we had to remain where we were all night, and I confess I was thankful to get a quiet good night's rest, instead of the tossing that evidently awaited us outside.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

March 28. — They were hard at work from daylight in trying to get the hawser clear; but it was near eleven o'clock before they succeeded. Consequently, Mourad Pasha, Abdel Kader Bey, and Colonel Stanton came on board once more, and breakfasted with us.

The wind had gone down, and there was only a heavy swell left, when we finally got under weigh, and left the harbour at twelve o'clock, after another tender farewell to our kind friends.

I looked sorrowfully at Alexandria as long as I could make anything out; and very lovely my last sight of it was. The palaces and other fine buildings, with their gay colouring of white and pale yellow, looked beautiful in the bright sunshine, and con-

trasted effectively with the deep clear blue of the Mediterranean, forming one of those lovely pictures, and producing one of those effects of colour and light, which, when drawn on canvas, seem unnatural and exaggerated. The scene, too, was enlivened by the many ships and frigates in the harbour manning yards, "dressing ship," and saluting in all directions, as they did also from the forts. A loud cheer from our own frigate, and the Egyptian National Hymn played by our band, was responded to from the *Mahroussa* with the English National Anthem. It was, indeed, a striking scene.

The day was warm and pleasant (87° Fahr.), but, as we got further out, the swell got much heavier, and the ship rolled about a great deal, though, I am happy to say, I felt quite well, in spite of the wind getting up later in the day, which, of course, still further increased the motion.

March 29.—A beautiful bright day, but the swell was still heavy, and I remained below with the Princess till four o'clock, when I went on deck; but the day had changed; a disagreeable sirocco wind had come on, and the sky was clouded over. Passed Rhodes at 6 P.M.

March 30.—Again a beautiful bright morning. Princess up and on deck all day. Wrote all the

morning in the cabin on deck. At daylight passed Patmos and Levita, off Nikaria at 9 A.M., and at noon abreast of Chios. The lights on these islands and the colouring very fine.

March 31.—Passed the Troad, or plains of Troy, in the early morning, before we were up, which mattered little, as it was still dark. At seven o'clock entered the Dardanelles, passing the castles of Kuni Kalessi and Leddet Bahar on the north and south, the two fortresses built by Sultan Solyman the Magnificent to defend the entrance of the Straits. At nine anchored off the Inner Castles of Asia and Europe, when I came on deck. We were saluted by these forts, and Mr. Elliot, our English ambassador at Constantinople, Mr. L. Moore, and Consul Wrench, who had all come down in the *Caradoc* to meet the Prince, came on board, as well as Raouf Pasha, Chief Equerry to the Sultan, who had been sent on the Sultan's yacht, *Pertif Piati*, to welcome the Prince and Princess.

We got under weigh again at two o'clock, and two miles higher up passed the castles of Sestos and Abydos, where Leander, as I was told, used to swim across the Hellespont to visit Hero—a feat which Lord Byron was very proud of having imitated at the same place. About four o'clock we arrived at

Gallipoli, where we remained for a couple of hours, to allow the Prince and gentlemen to land and walk through the town.

April 1.—Having run across the Sea of Marmora during the night, we anchored about nine o'clock in the morning some three miles from Constantinople, —a few small and dirty-looking steamers, filled with not very distinguished-looking Europeans, coming out to look at us. They all cheered lustily, while some wretched bands played "God save the Queen." We were now transferred in the barge to the Sultan's yacht, *Pertif Piati*, which took us past the entrance to the Golden Horn, as far as the Saleh-Bazar Palace, which has been given by the Sultan as a residence to the Prince of Wales during his stay here. We anchored about 100 yards from the quay, and landed in the Sultan's caiques, which were sent to meet us, with the Grand Vizier, Aali Pasha, Khamil Bey, master of the ceremonies, &c. The ships in the harbour saluted as we left the yacht, and there was a guard of honour drawn up on the shore, where the Sultan received us on landing, and took the Princess up to her rooms, every one following. As soon as he left their Royal Highnesses we took possession of our apartments, which are certainly magnificent: not quite so gorgeous, per-

haps, as those we had at Cairo, but fitted up with the most perfect taste in the French style. There was a large *salle*, or hall, on each side of which there was a beautiful drawing-room,—one hung with black Gobelin tapestry, on which figures and flowers were represented; the furniture covered with black satin, embroidered also with flowers, with a carpet to correspond, and all most beautiful. The other drawing-room was white, and fitted up and decorated in the Pompadour style. My sitting-room was also fitted up *à la Pompadour*,—the furniture being rosewood and blue satin, and most comfortably arranged. The view from my windows over the Bosphorus was splendid. But my first impression of Constantinople was not very enthusiastic. In fact, one ought only to see Constantinople from the Bosphorus, without going into the town, for though the situation is certainly beautiful beyond description, and even grand, the houses seem to me small, ugly, and irregular, and I saw nothing fine in the way of buildings, except the mosques and two or three palaces. Nor was the reception such as to give one any real impression of grandeur. I could not fancy myself in Europe, yet there was none of that perfect Oriental look, with all the charm of imagination, which we admired so much in Egypt. No! Egypt is still my *beau idéal* of the

East, and the impression it made upon me can never be effaced. I asked myself, however, if this want of appreciation of Constantinople, and our reception here, might not be my own fault; whether I was not already *blasée;* but I do not think this is the case: though, probably, the difference in the weather, which was anything but fine to-day, may have had much to do with it.

The Prince went soon afterwards to pay the Sultan a visit at his Palace of Dolma-Batchi. Raouf Pasha (whom I knew a little in England), Mustapha Bey, equerries, and Spiridion Bey and Jalîb Bey, officiers d'ordonnance, are the officers attached to the Prince during his stay here.

After luncheon we all drove out, going round Pera, and called at the British Embassy. On our way back we had to go down a most fearfully steep hill, which was, indeed, almost precipitous, and wound round in sharp turns. Hearing that the postilions and all our present "equipages" had only been got up within the last two months on purpose for us, I did not feel at all confident that we should escape with all our lives and limbs, especially as the streets are so narrow that in some of them there was hardly standing room on each side of the carriages. There was certainly nothing Oriental or pretty about the part of the town we saw to-day.

We dined at seven o'clock, the Sultan's band playing during dinner in the big hall. It is a splendid one of 100 musicians; Guatelli Pasha, an Italian, leading it.

April 2.—At 11.30 we went to the Palace of "Beshik-Tash," and saw from there the procession of the Sultan going in state to mosque. It was a very fine, and even grand sight: the Sultan himself riding a beautiful flea-bitten grey horse, and all the Generals and principal Ministers attending on horseback in full uniform: 5,000 soldiers were out in honour of the occasion, and lined the streets. But the most interesting sight of all to me was the opposite high bank, which was, so to say, covered with the native ladies in their white *yashmaks* (or Eastern veils) and bright-coloured dresses. It really produced the effect of a beautiful bright flower-garden. The Sultan's eldest son, Prince Izzedin, ten years old, commanded his regiment, and saluted his father going by, and afterwards came up to pay his respects to the Prince and Princess!

Returned to our Palace at one o'clock, when the Prince received a deputation from the English residents here. After luncheon we went in state caiques up the Golden Horn, to the Sweet Waters of Europe, where there was a great gathering of people, espe-

cially of women, in their bright costumes, which are of every colour of the rainbow, mostly blue, red, and yellow, but with some of beautiful brown and grey tints, which softened down the effects of the others, and produced a perfect harmony of colouring.

After remaining some time at the Sultan's Palace here, when pipes and coffee were offered as usual, we returned by land, and had a really lovely drive back to Constantinople, past three palaces belonging to the Sultan, and through the Garden of Tcherazan, with splendid views of the Bosphorus from the high ground over which the road led.

After dinner we went to the theatre at Pera. The *Prophète* was given, but very badly.

April 3.—At ten o'clock the Prince received the Ambassadors, Mustapha Faazid Pasha (brother of the Viceroy of Egypt), &c. At twelve o'clock we all went in the Sultan's caiques to the Seraglio Point, and the site of the Byzantine Palace, burnt in 1864. We here visited the Treasury, and saw a curious collection of aigrettes, swords, &c., which had belonged to former Sultans. We then went to the Beyrout Kiosk, the most beautiful specimen of Oriental architecture which I have seen, built by Sultan Mahmoud, in commemoration of the taking of Beyrout. We here found landaus, with four horses each, waiting for us,

in which we were driven to the great Mosque of St. Sophia. The Mosque is very fine, indeed; and the streets and houses in this part of the town are very much better than in any part we had hitherto seen. From St. Sophia we drove on to the Seraskieriat, where we were received by the Minister for War, Houssein Pasha, and by Omar Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief. Here a few troops defiled before us, marching, as I thought, very badly; and then we went to another kiosk, where we had luncheon.

It was bitterly cold all day, with a piercing wind, which made driving anything but pleasant. We went on, however, to the Armoury, where we saw a collection of the costumes formerly worn by the Janissaries, and so, by the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, and through the bazaars, over Galata Bridge, home. There were immense crowds of people in the streets, the greater part of which struck me as being European. Altogether they say there are upwards of a million of inhabitants in Constantinople.

At seven o'clock we went to dine with the Sultan at Dolma-Batchi. The palace is beautiful; but the dinner, though very good and well served (*à l'Européenne*), was rather a dull affair, at which we cannot be surprised when we are told that this was positively the first time the Sultan had ever sat down to dinner

with ladies, or, indeed, that any of his own Ministers, except the Grand Vizier, had ever been known to sit down in his presence. We were twenty-four at table, but twelve of the party were Turks, and looked so frightened and astonished that nobody ventured to speak a word. In addition to the Prince and Princess and their suite, there were General Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador, with Mme. Ignatieff; Mr. Elliot, the English Ambassador, and Mrs. Elliot; M. Bourée, the French Ambassador, and Baron Prokesch, the Austrian Internuntio. The Sultan seemed in good-humour, as if he was pleased, but spoke very little. The bill of fare consisted of twenty-two dishes, a Turkish and a French dish being served alternately.

After dinner, the Princess and I, with Mrs. Elliot and Madame Ignatieff, went to pay a visit to the Sultan's mother and wife. This visit was very much like those we had paid in Cairo to the Harem of the Viceroy, except that here, perhaps, there was a still more profuse display of diamonds, every slave (and they were all hideous) having their heads covered with jewels. There was an Armenian lady who interpreted. The dulness and stiffness of the visit is hardly to be described. The Sultan has only one wife, and she in the presence of the old Sultana

(his mother) is, according to their etiquette, not allowed to speak, and I think it was only in honour of our visit that she was not obliged to sit on the floor. The old Sultana must have been very pretty, and was, so to say, *covered* with jewels. The young Sultana (the wife) had a very nice distinguished face, according to our taste, but is not admired here at all, being considered too thin. She was dressed quite in the European style: a low evening-dress, covered with lace, and a long train, the Turkish star and ribbon over her shoulder, and, in short, dressed like any European princess.

The most amusing part of the evening was the sudden appearance of the Sultan's son, aged ten, and daughter, aged nine, who both came marching in, followed by slaves; he, dressed in full uniform, with a large diamond star and ribbon; she, dressed in a very smart pink satin dress, with a train quite two yards long, all covered with lace, a very high diamond tiara, which nearly crushed her, and very heavy though splendid necklaces and earrings, &c.; while to complete the whole costume, she had a pair of scarlet gloves, with one enormous diamond on one finger outside the glove! The poor little thing could hardly move under all the lace and finery she was covered with. I suppose it was owing to their being so over-

dressed that they both looked even younger and paler than they are in reality. It was very amusing, however, to see them place themselves, in the most dignified manner possible, in large armchairs opposite us, the little Princess doing nothing but slip down hers, when a slave helped her up again.

We were offered coffee but no pipes, as the Sultan never smokes, or allows any smoking in his Harem. A band was playing, that is, about thirty of these slaves, dressed in pink and white, stood in a circle, and played very nicely indeed. Tea and ices were handed round exactly as in any European evening-party, which, together with a large table covered with fruit and dessert of all kinds, took away all the real Oriental look, or illusions of the Harem. It was all very different from what we had seen at Cairo, and yet a European is hardly ever allowed to visit this one at Constantinople, and I think they told us it was fifteen years since such a thing had been allowed. We spent about an hour there, and then, joining the other party, took leave of the Sultan, and returned home.

April 4.—Sunday, and we all went to the English church, which is at the Embassy. Had luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, and at two o'clock returned to our Palace, and from thence went in caiques to the

English cemetery at Scutari. Dined at home, and after dinner a German, Mr. Kellen, came and played the piano most beautifully.

April 5.—Spent the whole morning in the bazaars. The Prince and Princess under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, with Mr. Moore, and myself, walking about without ever being recognized. The bazaars are very fine and full of beautiful things; but again I must remark upon the absence of that true Eastern look which distinguished everything we saw in Egypt, and which we thought so striking and picturesque. After dinner most of the gentlemen went to see the opera of *Martha*, the Princess and myself remaining at home.

April 6.—Most of the morning spent in choosing from things brought from the bazaar to be looked at. At 12.30 crossed in caiques to the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, to visit another Palace, Beylerbey, belonging to the Sultan. I don't think I ever in my life saw anything more beautiful; indeed no description of mine could convey any idea of its situation: the magnificent views over the Bosphorus, the richness and splendour, and at the same time, the perfect taste in which it is filled up, &c. Though filled with Oriental luxuries of every description, or that it is possible to imagine—marbles, mosaics,

carpets, &c.—there was nothing the least heavy or oppressive; and gorgeous and rich as it all was, anybody might be happy to live there, which is not the impression produced by the other Palaces we have seen, and which, splendid as they are, give one no idea of comfort. This Palace had been prepared for the Prince, but Mr. Elliot preferred the other as being more conveniently situated.

From hence we drove in some very nice and pretty English carriages, belonging to Mustapha Faazid Pasha (brother to the Viceroy of Egypt), to a summer-palace or châlet which he possesses about three miles off. The drive there was quite beautiful, all the way up hill, with splendid views over the Bosphorus at every turn. We had an excellent luncheon here; but it was a terribly long affair, and I could not help thinking what a waste of time it was. There were eighteen dishes, and we were two hours over it. Then came the usual pipes and coffee.

The Princess and I went after luncheon to pay a visit to the Pasha's daughters, who had come out on purpose to receive us. They spoke both French and English. At four o'clock we returned home, driving to Scutari, about an hour's drive, whence we were taken in caiques to the Sultan's yacht, in which we returned to the Saleh-Bazar Palace.

The Princess and I had no dinner, in consequence of our late luncheon, but dressed for the Embassy ball, to which we went at 8.30. It was a very pretty ball, though rather hot; and as I knew nobody and did not dance, I was not sorry when the time came to go home, though this was only at six o'clock and by broad daylight. The Sultan arrived at the ball at ten o'clock, the first he had ever been present at in his own country, and I cannot say he looked amused with the novelty of it. There were some very pretty faces.

April 7.—Nobody up or ready much before three o'clock, except myself, who got up at ten. Not having danced, I was not a bit tired. The Princess and I went out driving for about an hour, going to look at the Sultan's private zoological garden, where he has an enormous quantity of parrots and peacocks.

After dinner we went to the opera—*L'Africaine*—and a very poor performance it was. The Sultan, the Prince and Princess, and myself were in the royal box, in which were also the Grand Vizier, Aali Pasha, Mustapha Pasha, and two more of the gentlemen in attendance, who were not allowed to sit down. This was the first time that the Sultan had been seen with ladies in his box, and I heard it created great astonishment among the natives.

April 8.—The Princess and myself went with

Mr. Sanderson (one of the interpreting secretaries of the Embassy) and Mr. Montagu to the bazaars; but made very few purchases. We returned at 2.30, and, after luncheon, all went to see the Sultan's stables. The stables are very nicely kept. They contain about 200 very beautiful horses, each horse having a splendid Persian carpet as clothing! The carriages were also shown; but there was nothing remarkable about them. We took a short drive afterwards, and then returned home. We dined at the Embassy, where there was a large dinner of forty-two people, and a small evening-party afterwards. Came home soon after 12.30.

The weather has been very cold to-day, with a north wind.

April 9.—The Princess and myself, with some of the party, started at 1.30 in caiques for the Sultan's yacht, where Sir A. and Lady Buchanan and Mrs. Elliot awaited us. The Prince, with Mr. Elliot and the rest of the party, who had been to see an iron-clad, the *Mahmoudie*, lying in the harbour, joined us on board, and we at once proceeded to "Bebek," where the Grand Vizier, Aali Pasha, has a summer residence. The house was very nice, and we walked across the garden to the conservatory, or orangery, where luncheon was laid out.

On all these great occasions in Turkey, I am in constant dread of being placed between two of the natives, who might be able, as is the case with many of them, to speak nothing but their own tongue; and as a *déjeûner* here is an affair of two hours—never less than twenty dishes, besides all the odds and ends, which have no end—this is not a pleasant prospect! So I was delighted to-day to find myself placed between our English Ambassador and one of the Turkish Ministers, whom I had known in 1865 in Paris, where he had belonged to the Embassy. He speaks very good French, and as soon as we had got over the first few *phrases de convenance*, he began to speak of their Turkish customs, and asked me how I liked the dresses of their native women? I told him that I admired them very much, and thought them most picturesque and becoming. "But if you had to wear them," he said, "you would not think so. Our ladies are the most unhappy beings in the world; always shut up, always kept away from all civilization; and this," he added, "is, to my mind, the curse of the country. We are all unhappy, for how can we be happy with a wife who is la créature la plus ignorante; qui absolument ne s'intéresse à rien de ce qui se passe dans le monde; qui ne peut rien comprendre; et qui n'a ni instruction ni éduca-

tion?" * I said that I thought *they* seemed quite happy with their wretched position, and would not wish to change it; but he assured me that they nearly all pined for freedom, and only wanted to hear the words, "Sortez, vous êtes libres," to throw off their present slavery at once. "How can you expect," he went on, "that a country should be happy with such customs? What can be more unnatural than a society without ladies? and they again cannot but be unhappy, never to see anybody but their own family. Enfin que voulez-vous? c'est une malheureuse destinée qui l'a voulu ainsi. Dans les autres pays, chez vous par exemple, on a le ciel sur la terre, tandis qu'ici on est toujours malheureux. Espérons que nous aurons, au moins, le ciel dans un autre monde, et que notre destinée malheureuse ne nous suivra pas pour l'éternité." † He then began, quite of his own accord, to speak of his own home, and said he had married twenty years ago,—of course without having previously seen his future wife,

* The most ignorant creature possible; who takes absolutely no interest in anything that passes in the world; who can comprehend nothing; and who has neither instruction nor education.

† In short, what shall I say? It is an unhappy fate that has so willed it. In other countries, with you for instance, there is heaven on earth, while here we are always wretched. Let us hope that we shall, at least, have heaven in another world, and that our miserable destiny will not accompany us into eternity.

and had been made most unhappy. She was so intolerable, that after having tried to bear it, and to improve her, he was obliged to separate from her after a year. He had then married a Circassian slave-girl, whom he bought in the slave-market. The same sort of girl, he said, as the Sultan's wife was. "She is very obedient, but that is all. Pas moyen de lui faire comprendre la moindre chose!" * I asked if she was pretty. "No, quite the reverse," he said. "Et puis vous savez qu'elle est tellement maigre—oui! elle est absolument un squelette." † This seems to be looked upon as an unpardonable fault among the Turks, and may probably be considered as just a ground for divorcing a wife, as the habit of snoring or grinding their teeth in their sleep.

My neighbour was almost a skeleton himself, and had a very grave and sad expression. I afterwards asked him to explain to me what their religion could have to do with their notions about dress, &c. He answered that though it was certainly looked upon as being contrary to their religion to dress otherwise than they did, this was all nonsense, "for after all,"

* No possible means of making her understand the least thing.

† And then, you know, she is thin to such a degree—yes! she is an absolute skeleton!

he said, "how little do we really observe our other religious laws and duties. We are ordered to pray five times a day, and many of us do not do it more than once a month, or even twice a year. Why not then rather change or break through laws which, till they are changed, must prevent the country from becoming civilized, and make it miserable?"

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, Sir A. and Lady Buchanan —who had arrived from Petersburg, viâ Odessa, last Monday, and had remained here on purpose to meet the Prince of Wales—Mr. Barron, and some others, dined with us. The Sultan's band played as usual during dinner, and after dinner his string-band performed some Turkish music, which I thought quite hideous. Mr. Kellen also came, and again played most beautifully on the piano.

The weather has become dull, damp, cold, and showery, and we have been obliged to return to our warm clothes and furs. In fact, we have arrived at Constantinople a full month too early.

April 10.—We have a fine bright day, which we all rejoice in: for as it has been decided that the Princess shall accompany the Prince in his proposed visit to the Crimea, it is pleasant, after a whole week of heavy blowing weather, to have the prospect of a smooth passage over the Black Sea. We were

to lunch with the Sultan, and to start immediately afterwards.

At eleven a photographer came and took several photographs of our party in groups.

At two o'clock the Prince and Princess, with myself and Colonel Teesdale, went to our luncheon with the Sultan at the Dolma-Batchi Palace; the other gentlemen coming in afterwards to take leave. The luncheon was not lively, which, indeed, it was impossible it should be, when you could only communicate by means of an interpreter. Scarcely a word was spoken, for the Turks dare not speak in presence of the Sultan, and the Sultan himself hardly uttered a word, even to the Princess.

Before we left we were taken to see a magnificent reception-room or hall, one of the largest and most beautiful rooms in the world. Groups of officers in the national costume were dotted all about it—all standing in attitudes of the deepest humility, their eyes cast down, their arms crossed, and taking care always to face the Sultan in whatever part of the hall he might be! The abject manner in which even the highest officers carry themselves towards the Sultan—like slaves crouching before their master—is, to my mind, quite sickening, and I don't think I could live long here without becoming a republican!

At half-past four we took leave, and were conveyed in caiques on board the *Ariadne*, our Turkish gentlemen, and the English Ambassador, with the members of the Embassy, coming on board to see us off, and take leave of the Prince and Princess. And so ended our ten days at Constantinople, which, on the whole, have been very interesting, everything possible having been done to make our stay pleasant. The gentlemen attached to the Prince were most gentlemanlike and attentive, and did everything in their power to be of use to us.

CHAPTER IX

THE CRIMEA.

THERE was a strong breeze when we got under weigh to leave the Bosphorus, but it was a fine bright evening, and the sight as we started was very fine and picturesque. All the shipping was, as usual, dressed out with flags, their yards were manned, there was the customary firing of salutes on all sides, bands playing, &c., and altogether it was a bright and a gay scene.

I had naturally been much interested in many things that I saw here, but I cannot say that I left Constantinople with much regret. The situation of the town and the Bosphorus are exceedingly beautiful, and, of course, I admired it all, as every one must; but I must add, that I never saw a place I felt so little inclined to fall in love with. I am told, how-

ever, that I should learn to like it after a longer residence, and that those who live here any time get very fond of it.

Sir A. Buchanan goes with us to the Crimea.

At half-past seven we entered the Black Sea. The wind has fallen, and we have every hope of a fine passage.

April 11.—A beautiful day, and the ship perfectly steady; but at sea, and out of sight of land, of course there is nothing to record. We are told that we shall be at Sebastopol early to-morrow.

April 12.—Made the Crimea about six in the morning, and at nine o'clock steamed in, and anchored in the harbour of Sebastopol. It seemed odd to find oneself thus in a place of which one had heard and read so much during the war, and which I so little ever expected to see. Everything, however, looked so very different from what one had then imagined to oneself. Not a single ship in the harbour, and all the forts and fortifications—indeed, the whole town on the south side—almost one mass of ruins. The *débris* of houses, forts, and barracks remain just as they were left in 1856, and a population which then amounted, it is said, to 60,000, has been reduced to 5,500!

As soon as we had anchored, a boat came along-

side, with the Governor-General of New Russia, General Kotzebue, who, with General Jukoffsky, Governor of Crim Tartary, had come from Simpheropol to meet the Prince of Wales, and now came at once on board the *Ariadne*. They were accompanied by Admiral Kisalinsky, Commandant of Sebastopol, Colonel Baron Osten-Sacken, aide-de-camp to General Kotzebue, M. Hetrovo, a secretary, and Mr. Stevens, English Consul at Odessa.

But, before I proceed further in copying out my recollections of the Crimea, I feel bound to state that I am indebted to one of our gentlemen, who had been in the Crimea during the war, and who most good-naturedly allowed me to see his own notes, for all my information as to names, localities, or the events which had then occurred. I could not possibly know anything about them myself.

To resume the day's history. The Russian authorities having paid their respects to the Prince and Princess, and offered every assistance in their power towards showing everything there was to be seen, we landed on the North side about eleven o'clock, and, getting into carriages with four horses abreast, drove at once, at a terrific pace, to the Russian cemetery, where a pretty chapel has been erected as a mausoleum to the soldiers and sailors that fell during the

siege. The interior is not yet quite finished, but promises to be exceedingly handsome when complete, with beautiful frescoes and mosaics on the walls, and a splendid head of our Saviour in the middle of the ceiling.

The graves outside are very large—eighty men being buried in each—with large white marble slabs over them. There is also a monument in the cemetery to Prince Gortschakoff, who was Governor of Sebastopol during the siege, which, with his bust, is the principal object in it.

Having seen all that was to be seen here, we again entered our carriages, and drove at a furious pace to the Alma, performing the distance, which is about sixteen miles, in an hour and a half! The Prince and all the gentlemen here mounted horses, which had been sent on with a Tartar escort, and rode up to examine the Russian position from the high hill. The Princess and I followed in a pony-carriage; but driving over the very rough ground, still full of great holes made by the shells that fell during the battle, was not pleasant, and the carriage soon breaking down, we got into a larger one with four horses. We first drove to the "18-gun Battery." The battery itself is now worn down, but the embrasures can still be made out. We then went to

"Bouliak" post-house at the bridge over the Alma. The bridge is still broken down, as it was left after the fight, and we drove through the water, Mr. Russell pointing out where the Duke of Cambridge crossed it with his Staff. We now drove along the river, down where the French line had stood, till we came a little way beyond where Prince Napoleon's division had been drawn up, and then, turning back, drove along the whole position occupied by the English army before the action commenced; and so on to a Tartar farmhouse, which had been used as a field hospital on the 20th September, 1855, but where now a most excellent luncheon had been prepared for us by the Russians.

At five o'clock we again got into our drotskas, and drove back to the North side of Sebastopol, from whence we had started, crossing the Katcha and Belbek rivers by the way. We were fortunate in having with us in Mr. Russell, Major Alison, and Captain Ellis, three people who had been here during the war, and they now pointed out to us the different points of interest in the road—where the army turned off to make its flank march, &c. Our way back led us through the Severnaia, or Star Fort, and a long line of earthworks thrown up by the Russians after the South side fell. The pace at which we drove

home was tremendous; but these Russian coachmen drive beautifully, and I cannot say I felt frightened. It was seven o'clock when we got back to the *Ariadne*, where the Russian gentlemen all dined with us.

April 13.—We had intended to commence our day's sight-seeing to-day at nine o'clock, but it rained, so that we did not get off till eleven. We first went to the Old Fort Nicholas, the landing-place on the South side, where we found a guard of honour drawn up, and a drotska waiting, into which the Princess and I got; the Prince and all the gentlemen mounting horses which had been provided for them. We then went up the main street leading to the head of the Dockyard Creek, accompanied by General Kotzebue and his staff, and with a large escort of Tartars.

It was really sad to see every other house, and most of the principal buildings in this part of the town, still in ruins; and you can still trace the marks of the balls in the walls that are left standing. Passing the site of the Creek Battery and the Barrack Battery, &c., we visited what was known as the "White Buildings," the Hospital, &c., the walls of which alone remain standing, completely riddled with shot and shell, and the ground covered with ruins.

It was really melancholy to see all this, and then to think how little this frightful scene of desolation, with all its accompanying bloodshed and loss of life, is now even thought of! I could not help feeling a little ashamed in presence of these Russians, thinking what their feelings must be at having to show these scenes to Englishmen, who they must have felt would only regard with pride such monuments of their victories over their unfortunate countrymen. But they behaved beautifully, and even pointed out to us the different places where they had been beaten!

We drove thence along the site of the famous *Redan*, to the point in front of that work, where the monument to the British troops who fell in the attacks upon it, and in the trenches, has been erected. The lines of the English trenches, zigzagging in all directions over the old battle-fields, and the sites of the batteries, are still to be distinctly traced, and give one a more vivid idea of what it must have been at the time of the siege, than all one can read about it. The gentlemen who had been here showed us the very spots where their huts had stood, &c.

From this we drove by the "*Quarries*," to the left of the right attack, above the "Woronzow Ravine," and thence across an open space to "Cathcart's Hill," where a quarter of an hour was spent in

examining the tombstones. Many picked wild-flowers here for the friends of those who were here buried. There are not less than seventy-one different cemeteries or burying-places for the English who fell during the war; but I am sorry to say they do not seem to have been taken care of as they ought to have been.

We then drove along the lines of the second Brigade of the Light Division, past the head of the ravine named the "Shadow of Death," to the "Windmill." Here, in a half-ruined outhouse, we had our luncheon, after which we again started for the "Saponnie" heights, from which we had a good view of Trachtir Bridge, and the field of the battle of the Tchernaya. Passing thence by the camp of the Second Division, we came to the field of Inkermann, and the famous "Sand-bag Battery," immortalized by the defence of it by the Brigade of Guards; and close below which Sir George Cathcart was killed.

We next proceeded by the "Creek" road, past the "Little Redan," on to the "Malakoff" Tower, in the ditch of which nearly 4,000 French lie buried. Here we all alighted, and scrambled up the ruins of the old round tower, which, however, never was round, but had the shape of a horseshoe. From hence we

had a beautiful view, and got an excellent idea of the nature and extent of the Russian defences. The Russians have here erected a very pretty marble cross to the memory of the many soldiers who perished in defending the tower.

From the Malakoff we descended the hill, past the dock walls, which are still like a sieve from shot, and had a look at the docks themselves. General Kotzebue remarked, "Il faut vous dire que la destruction des docks était un acte de barbarisme." * They were once splendid, and cost mints of money. On our way back to the ship we passed a monumental statue to Admiral Lazaroff, who was the creator of the Black Sea fleet.

From hence we started off at full gallop, and had a regular race with the riders, and certainly beat them. It was great fun, I must say, though in any other country I should have said that we were being run away with, and I don't think we could possibly have gone much faster. It was most exciting, and I never felt the least nervous!

I may mention here that wherever we landed or drove through a village, the inhabitants all rushed out

* I must tell you that the destruction of the docks was an act of barbarism.

and offered the Princess a large loaf of black bread, and a small cup filled with salt. This is the sign of hospitality in this country, and was always accepted.

The Russian gentlemen, with Madame and Mdlle. Kotzebue, dined on board with us.

April 14.—I forgot to say that yesterday was a very cold day, with a bitter and piercing wind, and real northern temperature. To-day it was still very cold, but luckily very fine and bright, though, coming from Egypt, where we had had the thermometer 100° or more in the shade, we feel the change very keenly.

We all landed at half-past ten, and found several drotskas ready for us. The Prince and Princess went in one with four horses abreast, with Sir A. Buchanan and General Kotzebue, and I followed in another, also with four horses abreast, but with two more as leaders, my companions being Mr. Russell, Captain Ellis, and Major Alison. This made the drive very interesting to me, as they knew every bit of ground we passed, and could describe it all as it looked during the war, making me almost fancy that I had seen it all myself. Without this information to give it interest, I can conceive nothing more dull or monotonous, or so completely without beauty, as the road over these enormous plains. We drove

as usual at a full gallop, through the French lines, past their head-quarters, and so on to their great cemetery. The French have most carefully collected all their dead, and buried them here, in one large cemetery, and are thus enabled to have it kept in good order, though the several small mausoleums or vaults enclosed in it are not of a very pretty shape.

It is impossible to help being struck and mortified at the little care taken, by the English, of the burying-places of their dead, compared with that shown by both French and Russians. The French have recorded the names of even the meanest soldiers who fell during the siege, and are careful to preserve their cemeteries: *We* seem to have given little concern to these objects.

We then went to the English head-quarters, where the house in which Lord Raglan lived, and where he died, is now inhabited by a retired Russian officer. A small marble tablet in remembrance of Lord Raglan has been put up in the wall of the house, his heart, &c. being buried in the grounds outside, under a marble slab. Two large cypresses, which look very pretty, have been planted on each side.

We next drove to the monastery of St. George, where we remained for some time, enjoying the beautiful view over the Black Sea from the high cliff on which it is built. The interior of the chapel is

beautiful, and I enjoyed my visit to it, with the lovely view, very much. Four old monks still live here.

We went on, by the road made by the English "navvies," on which the traces of the railway still exist, through Kadikoi and Balaklava. There were here much fewer traces of the war, almost the only relics of the past being innumerable broken bottles to mark the ground where the British soldiers had been encamped.

In the harbour of Balaklava we found the *Psyche*, in which we embarked, and steamed out of the harbour to see the fine rocks at the entrance, where the ship *Prince* was lost in 1854, and where the Duke of Cambridge had such a narrow escape in the *Retribution*. On relanding we went for a few minutes into a Russian house, where we were offered some bread, cheese, and caviar. We here also saw an old Greek officer, whose daughter a Colonel Biddulph, while stationed near the monastery of St. George, had fallen in love with and married. It was now getting late, so we had to hurry on in order to visit the field of Balaklava. Passing under the village of Kadikoi, we stopped close to the position of the Russian battery. The whole affair was then described both by our English and the Russian gentlemen. We then continued our route

at a full gallop through the beautiful Baidar valley. Even now it was quite lovely, and must be extremely so when everything is green and warm-looking. But at present it is still quite like winter.

We changed horses at Baidar, and went on up the hill to "La Poste de Baidar," and through the "Pharos Pass," a stone gateway on the crest of the hill, 3,000 feet above the sea, from whence the view was really grand and beautiful.

It was now four o'clock, and we were glad to get some luncheon, which was prepared for us in a sort of open tent or summer-house, where we were received by Madame and Mdlle. Kotzebue. We started again at five, and drove at a really furious pace down the winding road along the coast, under magnificent rocks and precipices, with villas at intervals all the way, and the ground cultivated close down to the sea. I cannot conceive a more beautiful drive, and I must say I did most thoroughly enjoy the fine scenery of mountains, combined with the civilized look of cultivated land, having seen nothing of the kind for a long while. The drive, however, was a very long one, and it was half-past nine before we arrived at Livadia, a summer-palace belonging to the Empress of Russia, where we were to pass the night. The distance from Sebastopol is sixty-five miles; and

when the late hour at which we started, and the numerous stoppages and many deviations we had made from the direct road, are considered, some idea may be formed of the pace at which we were driven. We seemed really to fly, so to speak, through the air, without the slightest check round the sharpest turns, as the road wound almost all the way down-hill. There was a mixed feeling—of confidence, in the coachman and horses, and of a conviction that, if an accident did happen, nothing on earth could save you, as, on one side, you had the rocks rising almost perpendicularly above you, and a fearful precipice below you on the other. Yet, though it grew quite dark, and we had no lights, we galloped on at the same furious pace all the way, and yet, strange to say, I was rather amused than frightened.

Our party in the carriage was very pleasant, and Mr. Russell told us many amusing stories of old times, both of war and peace.

Livadia, where we sleep to-night, is a perfect gem of comfort and beauty, fitted up in the most perfect taste—everything beautiful, yet so quiet—nothing gaudy about it—no gilding or silk hangings, but my very *beau idéal* of what such a summer-châlet should be, as a residence to which one would wish to fly for rest from a bustling fussy town life. However, we

were all tired—no! *I* was not a bit tired—but, after dinner, to which we did not sit down till ten o'clock, we all went to bed.

April 15.—After a very good night's rest, the first thing we did this morning was to go outside the house to look at the scenery, which has been so much talked of. I did not say half enough yesterday of the beauty of the place. I could then only speak of the impression made upon me by the interior of the house; but now, on getting a complete view by daylight of its situation, and of the grand scenery by which it is surrounded, I may well say that this little secluded spot seems a perfect paradise. The tremendous granite precipices in front of us, rising to summits covered with snow, with the sea on the other side, form a combination of the grandest beauties of nature with which those amongst us who knew Switzerland said even that country could scarcely compare. Looking upon the scene from these grounds and from a garden full of beautiful flowers, it seemed like a spot of which one might dream as the abode of peace and happiness, rarely attained on earth. An hour—all we had—was far too short a time to enable one to take in all its beauties, and I can only wish that it was nearer England, so that I might have a chance of seeing it again.

Count Stenboch (his family is of Swedish origin) did the honours of the place, and was most kind and amiable. He had been sent all the way from St. Petersburg on purpose to receive us! The *Ariadne* and *Psyche* lay off the town of Yalta, having been sent round from Sebastopol to meet us.

Soon after breakfast we set out in small drotskas to visit several other villas in the neighbourhood. First one close to Livadia, belonging to the Cezarowitch; then by the same road we came yesterday to a large one belonging to the Grand Duke Constantine; and so on to Aloupka, a most beautiful villa of Prince Woronzoff's. Prince Troubetskoi, brother to the Princess Woronzoff, had come here by her desire to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales. We looked at everything inside and outside the house, admiring it all beyond measure, and then sat down to a magnificent luncheon. As soon as that was over, we drove in some small pony-carriages through the grounds (I driving Sir A. Buchanan), ending at the landing-place, whence we went off to embark once more in the *Ariadne*, which had come round from Yalta to take us on board.

All our Russian friends came on board to take leave, and, at seven o'clock, bidding them finally farewell, we left the Crimea, with much regret on my

part, that our time in that beautiful country had been so short. The four days spent amongst these most amiable and most hospitable Russians have been very happy ones, and I don't think there is any part of our travels on which I shall look back with more pleasure. I only feel that the time allowed us was much too short to enable us really to enjoy our visit to this lovely coast as we might have done. But has not this been rather the case all through our travels? Has not too much been crowded into the time, and have we not consequently been forced to hurry through scenes which one would have liked to be able to visit more leisurely? As it is, however, I have so thoroughly enjoyed the whole trip, that I will not complain.

I must add, before leaving the subject of our visit to the Crimea, that I was much struck by the exceeding kindness and genuine hospitality with which the Russians everywhere met us. It was impossible, while receiving their cordial attentions, not to think of all the injury and loss which we had inflicted upon them. Yet they pointed out the scenes of all the most interesting events of the war with a good nature by which one could not but be touched; showing no rancour against us, and themselves pointing out their own blunders. But when I think

of the impression which Sebastopol and its harbour—one a perfect ruin, the other without a ship to be seen in it—made upon me, a perfect stranger, I can well imagine what the feelings of mortification must be, however well they conceal it, with which the Russians themselves must have escorted round this scene of ruin and desolation, those to whose countrymen it was chiefly owing. "A la guerre, comme à la guerre!" may be the answer to these reflections, as it was the one made to me when I expressed them; and so I suppose it will ever be, as long as nations will have recourse, in order to settle their quarrels, to the fearful, and, to my mind, unchristian decision of war.

With which moral reflection I bid a very reluctant farewell to the Crimea.

CHAPTER X.

ATHENS AND CORFU—AND RETURN JOURNEY HOME.

April 16.—We have had a lovely night, and made good progress on our way, running thirteen knots all night in perfectly smooth water. It has continued equally fine all day, and at eight this evening, after a very quick passage, we anchored again opposite the Sultan's palace. We remain on board, as we only stay here till to-morrow evening, when we are to sail for Athens.

April 17.—On board all the morning till after luncheon. The Prince went, with his two equerries, to pay a farewell visit to the Sultan, who soon after returned it on board the *Ariadne*.

There was a large party to luncheon, consisting of the English and Russian Ambassadors and their wives, our Turkish gentlemen, and some of the

Turkish Ministers. It was half-past four before they left us, when the Princess and I immediately changed our dresses, and had a delightful drive with Mr. Elliot and Mr. Moore. The day was charming, and the change of climate since we were here a week ago, quite delightful.

We returned to the ship at half-past six, took farewell of the gentlemen who had remained on board, and got under weigh at eight o'clock. Our departure was again a very pretty sight. The *Ariadne* was lit up with red and blue lights, held by men at the end of each yard-arm. The Turkish ships, too, were all illuminated, with lights hung all over them, to the very mast-heads, and with a light in each port. Rockets were sent up in profusion, while music and cheering were heard on all sides. The weather, too, was all that could be wished, for though there was no moon, the night was beautifully calm and fine.

April 18.—We had a smooth passage all night across the Sea of Marmora; but when we arrived at the forts of the Dardanelles to-day, it began to blow, and the wind soon rose to such a hurricane, that we anchored, and remained all day inside the Straits.

April 19.—Detained all day by the continuation of the gale. Towards evening it moderated, and we again got under weigh.

April 20.—A cold rainy day. About nine in the forenoon we passed Cape Colonna and the ancient Temple of Minerva; and at one, came in sight of the Piræus, the port of Athens, and entered the little harbour under salutes from all the ships lying here. Soon after we anchored, the King and Prince Frederick of Glücksburg came on board. Mr. Erskine, the English Minister, and the gentlemen of the Legation, had already done so. We had luncheon on board, and at three o'clock went on shore, in the King's barge, and landing close to the station, went at once by the railroad to Athens. This is the first railroad that has been made in Greece, and is the only one yet existing; indeed it has only been completed, I was told, within the last few days. We arrived in about ten minutes, and drove straight from the station to the Palace, a large and imposing building, in the middle of a beautiful garden full of flowers, and orange and other fruit-trees. It is well situated, and the views from the windows, of the sea on one side, and the mountains on the other, are very fine. The rooms are well arranged, and furnished with much taste, everything having been done under the immediate directions of the King himself.

I spent the afternoon quietly in my own room till dinner-time, which was at seven o'clock.

The King is come to Athens on purpose to receive us, from Corfu, where the Court is at present established, and where he has left the Queen. We are only to remain two days at Athens, to see as much as we can in the time, and then to accompany the King on his return to Corfu. He is kindness and cordiality personified, and I have been much struck by his unaffectedly amiable and civil manners. In fact it is impossible to conceive any one less spoiled or changed by his position. He is just the same as he used to be when I first knew him as Prince William of Denmark; yet his position is by no means an easy one, and, from all I hear, he has shown much character and judgment under very difficult circumstances. The Maréchal de la Cour, M. Rodosthonos, one of the Queen's ladies, Mdlle. Kolocotronos, and the King's equerries, have also been sent here to receive us.

April 21. — It was delightful on awaking this morning to find again the most beautiful, warm, delicious weather; the air so light and soft that it reminded me of our charming Egyptian climate! The view of the hills from my room was quite beautiful.

Breakfast was at ten, and at twelve we commenced our sight-seeing with a visit to the Acropolis,

the Parthenon, Erectheum, Temple of Peace, &c. Certainly I never saw anything finer than these grand buildings of white marble; of which, in spite of the destruction wrought by the hands of foreigners —and principally, it is sad to think, by the English— anxious to possess the fine works of art by which they were originally adorned, enough still remains to give one some idea of what they must once have been!

We then visited the Temple of Theseus, the exterior of which is well preserved; the inside being a sort of museum, full of fragments and pieces of sculpture, all more or less mutilated, which have been here collected.

We next visited the Temple of Jupiter, of which nothing remains but the columns, and then returned home.

After luncheon, the King and Prince of Wales rode out together, while the Princess and I took a drive.

In the evening there was a large state dinner of 120 people. The dining-room is very fine. The servants, of whom there were great numbers, were all dressed in the national costume (the dress they always wear), which had a pretty effect. It consists of a short, stiff, plaited white petticoat, coming down to the knee, and a short richly embroidered jacket

and waistcoat, with long open sleeves. The servants all wore moustaches. It is said that the King wanted to alter this custom, but a Greek would rather give up anything than allow his moustache to be cut off!

After dinner there was a long evening, and we remained standing for nearly two hours!

April 22.—We visited to-day the Greek Cathedral, and afterwards the Theatre of Bacchus, which has been only lately excavated. It is a large amphitheatre: the floor and seats, which look like arm-chairs, of white marble, a name being engraved upon each seat. This, I was told, was the first theatre ever built; and that the first Greek plays were here acted.

We returned home to luncheon, and, after writing some letters, we took a walk through the town, and came home through the Royal Gardens, which are very pretty, and full of the sweetest flowers.

After dinner we again drove up to the Acropolis, which was illuminated. The effect was very fine, and made finer by the bright moonlight, and we remained admiring it for near an hour!

April 23.—We left Athens at half-past ten for the Piræus, where we embarked in a Greek steamer,—the *Salmena*—the *Ariadne* having been sent round to

meet us at the other side of the Isthmus of Corinth. The *Royal Oak*, an English man-of-war, followed, with the servants and luggage on board. We steamed out of the harbour, when the Isle of Salamis, and the rock on which Xerxes is supposed to have sat before the battle, were pointed out to us.

We arrived at Kalimaki, on the eastern side of the Isthmus of Corinth, at four o'clock, and immediately started in a carriage and four horses for the Bay of New Corinth, at the opposite side. We had an escort of cavalry all the way, as there was a report of brigands being in the neighbourhood. We drove at a great pace, and, arriving at five o'clock, found the *Ariadne*, *Psyche*, and *Caradoc*, which had been sent to meet us, with two Greek yachts, waiting for us.

The King accompanied us in the *Ariadne*, and we had a very fine passage down the Gulf of Corinth or Lepanto; but, as most of the passage was by night, we saw nothing of the land on either side.

April 24.—We passed Cephalonia early in the morning, and had Corfu itself in sight by 10 A.M. It was two o'clock, however, before we anchored.

We landed exactly in front of the Palace formerly occupied by the English governors, and were saluted, on disembarking, by the few guns left by the English when they gave up the island. There was an immense

crowd of people assembled at the landing-place, as well as all the Island officials, foreign consuls, &c., and the Royal Party was much cheered as they walked up to the Palace. Here we were received by the Queen, accompanied by Prince William of Glücksburg, the King's uncle.

The King and Queen, with the Prince and Princess, soon after left for the Casino, the villa outside the town where the King lives; the suite, including myself, being lodged in the Palace in town. We are, however, expected to dine every day at the Casino.

April 25.—It was a very fine day, and it being the day of their great feast for Saint Spiridion, the Patron Saint of Corfu, the town was unusually bright and gay. From a very early hour in the morning the streets were filled with people, chiefly peasants, in their various native holiday costumes. The women were wonderfully dressed out, and covered with gold ornaments and finery. I saw some beautiful faces amongst them.

About eleven o'clock they formed regular lines on each side of the streets, through which the Saint was expected to pass. This Saint Spiridion, who died 1,500 years ago, is still kept in a glass case, with a gold frame, richly ornamented, and is taken out of it three

times a year to be carried through the streets. There is a long procession of clergy and priests in most gorgeous vestments, carrying flags and banners, and attended by a military escort. I thought it a horrible and disgusting sight, to see this old withered body, with its head hanging on one side, thus exposed and carried about. Yet these people believe so implicitly in its sanctity, that they bring out the sick and lay them on the road by which the procession is to pass. People of all classes join in the procession, and the people in the crowd never cease crossing themselves all the time the Saint is in sight. Several Russian sailors also joined in the procession, in which almost everybody carried a taper or a banner. The Church bells never ceased ringing, and guns were fired all the time. The Royal Party came to town to see it.

I afterwards took a drive with some of the gentlemen.

April 26.—I went out for a drive with Madame Theochari, one of the Queen's ladies who lives with us in the Palace, and was quite delighted with the beauty of all I saw. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the beauty of the Island, as far as I have yet seen it. Mr. and Mrs. Erskine arrived to-day in the *Royal Oak* from Athens.

April 27.—To-day we (the suite) all went in the

steam-launch belonging to the *Ariadne* along the coast of the Island, as far as Gavino, where we landed, and stayed for an hour, getting back at six o'clock. The Prince starts to-night with some of the gentlemen for the Albanian Coast, in the hope of shooting a wild boar.

April 28.—Madame Theochari, M. Valoarity, Mr. Russell and myself, made a most charming expedition to a place called Coropiscopas. The beauty of the view from this spot on all sides is not to be described, and we passed a most agreeable day, which we all thoroughly enjoyed. We started at nine in the morning and returned just in time for dinner.

The shooting-party did not get back till half-past eight. They had killed two wild boars, and some other things, and seemed well pleased with their day's sport.

April 29.—The King and Queen, Prince and Princess, with all the ladies and gentlemen of their respective suites, went off in several barges to visit the *Ariadne*, the *Royal Oak*, and a Russian frigate lying in the harbour. These visits occupied the whole afternoon.

April 30.—At twelve o'clock to-day the whole of the Greek and English Royalties, with their respective court and suite, set out in several carriages on an

expedition to Renuzzi, a house in the country, belonging to a Count Flambourini. It is a pretty place, and the drive there was quite lovely. Luncheon was laid out for us in the garden, and we afterwards returned most agreeably to Corfu by water. The Prince had sent for the steam-tug belonging to the *Ariadne* to tow the Royal barge, in which we all embarked, and got home about seven o'clock. We (the suite) went to the Palace to dress, and returned by boat to the Casino, where we dined as usual.

May 1.—I was invited to lunch at the Casino, to which I went out accordingly. After luncheon, Madame Theochari and M. Valoarity again took me a beautiful drive to a place called Cucarizza. It is impossible to do justice by any description to the exceeding beauty of this island. The drives are endless—one more lovely than another. The scenery is really grand, and the valleys, full of orange-trees, date, mulberry, and fig-trees, look like a richly-cultivated garden.

As we were to leave Corfu this evening, after dinner, we had made all our arrangements, finished our packing, &c., before going out to the Casino to dine. At eleven o'clock we went straight on board the *Ariadne*, accompanied by the King, Queen, &c.

It was a lovely night, and as soon as the King and Queen had bid good-by to the Prince and Princess, and had left the ship, we at once prepared to get under weigh. The sight before we left was really lovely. There was a great display of fireworks from the ships, the masts and yards of the *Ariadne* and *Royal Oak* being all dressed with red and blue lights. The effect was beautiful; but our pleasure was marred by a sad accident that occurred just as the illuminations were over. One of the sailors fell overboard—it is supposed as he was coming down from one of the yards, but it was only known by hearing the splash as he fell into the water. A boat was instantly lowered; but, in all probability, he had struck something, and been stunned in his fall, for, though the most careful search was made, nothing could ever be seen or heard of him. This sad event threw a gloom over everybody. It was a lad of seventeen or eighteen years of age. This delayed our departure a good while, and it was one o'clock before we finally left the harbour.

May 2.—We arrived at Brindisi, after an excellent passage, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. The King of Italy had sent gentlemen of his household to meet us, who, with all the local authorities, received us on landing, and conducted us

to the special train which had been prepared for us, and in which we immediately took our departure. But here I will close my long history. Our travels in the East are, alas! at an end; we are again in civilized Europe, with all the monotony of its every-day life, and no interest would attach to a record of the places at which we stopped to eat, or of the official persons who met us at various stations during a journey of twenty-five hours without stopping from Brindisi to Turin. We arrived there at half-past three on Monday, May 3rd, and left it again at half-past eight on the 4th, and travelling without stopping, except for something less than an hour at St. Michel, arrived at Paris at a quarter before nine on the 5th.

The only part of our journey to which I would give a passing word, is the crossing of Mont Cenis. Changing at Suza into carriages made expressly for the passage of the mountain, we completed the ascent in about two hours, and most interesting I found it. The sharp turns which the road makes in winding up the mountain's side, the fearful precipices on every side of us, the avalanches and immense drifts of snow which we passed, kept one all the way in a state of nervous excitement and admiration.

May 12.—We remained in Paris from the fifth

till yesterday evening, in the usual round of visits, dinners, reviews, &c., and were treated, it is needless to say, with the most marked distinction by the Emperor and Empress. At half-past six yesterday evening we left on our return to England, and arrived at the Charing Cross station at half-past six this morning.

All that now remained was to bid farewell to all our pleasant travelling companions, and for each to betake himself or herself to their respective homes and occupations. Our tour is now a thing of the past. I can answer for no one but myself; but if the past four months have been the source of as much pleasure to others, as they have been to me, I am sure that they will feel the same sorrow that I do, in thinking that they are come to an end.

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